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BACK TO UNITY

THE MOST REVEREND THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

THE modern world has manifestly lost its way. Every department of life is infected with futility, except so far as it represents an interest isolated from the general concern of men. It is true that Science is pursuing its all-conquering course, subjecting one observed phenomenon after another to its regnant hypotheses, and imposing upon the innocent public an ever more paradoxical interpretation of what had seemed to be simple experiences. Yet when all this triumphant knowledge is pressed into the service of human needs, it produces more chaos than order, and is more fruitful in making war appalling than in making peace enjoyable. Indeed, we have reached a stage of so-called human progress in which we are likely to go to war because we are so much afraid of doing so and to become involved in universal poverty because it is so easy to produce abundant wealth.

Few dispute the broad truth of such a picture of the contemporary world. Many physicians have diagnosed the disease and prescribed remedies appropriate to their diagnosis; I propose to join their number.

The trouble began when René Descartes spent a day "shut up in a stove." This is not to blame Descartes. If he had not followed the false scent, someone else would have done so. It had to be tried out, and our troubles are part of the trial. Human progress, such as it is, does not follow a straight course. Its path is a zig-zag. And the limits of the side-ways movements are our old friends the One and the Many. Order and Purpose involve some unification of life; Liberty and Impulse require absence of restraint. If an Order is improved, or a Purpose

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adopted, which is too narrow in scope for some group of Impulses, there is an outbreak in the name of Liberty. Yet Liberty itself requires Order as its guarantee, and is only precious so far as Purpose makes use of it.

In Europe the primitive chaos was reduced to order by the Roman Empire—that great and determining influence by reference to which in the last resort all modern problems are to be understood. The Roman Empire imposed upon Western Europe, apart from its Baltic fringe but including England though not Scotland, a sense of public order and a respect for law which became instinctive. In many parts, and in England among them, the effects of the Roman occupation were to a great extent wiped out by the barbarian invasions; but later on, when order was re-established, some impulse of response due to the Roman influence was found still to exist. Ireland, Highland Scotland, Scandinavia, and Prussia, never felt this influence. And while it may quite reasonably be held that the Scandinavian countries are now the best of existing nations and the most successful in coping with the problems of modern life, many would be prepared to trace in what appear to be characteristic defects in the political life of the other three, the result of a lack which Rome could have supplied.

Be that as it may, the unity and order which reached their climax in the period of the Antonines were broken by the incursion of barbarians and by the collapse of the Roman system from within. During the so-called Dark Ages a whole welter of petty states, with rapidly shifting frontiers, occupy the stage: there is no bond of unity, no central purpose, no co-ordinating principle. Those who are not specialists find it hard to retain any definite impression of that long period. To most of us it is a blank. It is difficult to believe that the earth revolved about the

sun more times between the invasion of Britain by Julius Caesar and the Norman conquest than between the Norman conquest and the present day. That long time is blank to us, not because nothing was happening in it, but because what happened had so little coherence that we cannot grasp and hold it. Like our modern life, it was ODTAA.*

Gradually unity was recovered. It was recovered under the overmastering influence of a universally professed religious faith. The Hildebrandine reformation, of which the full influence was brought to England by the Norman conquest, was an effort to reconstruct European society on the lines which St. Augustine had worked out by reading the Christian revelation through Platonic spectacles. In the papacy of Innocent III and the empire of Frederick II this enterprise of unification attained its fullest measure of success in its papal and its imperial interpretation. Boniface VIII was to carry its formulation still further, but only when the reality was already moving away from conformity to the principle. In the writings of the great Schoolmen, and supremely of that astounding intellect, St. Thomas Aquinas, this phase of culture found complete articulation. The whole range of experience was compassed and a completely unified scheme of it was provided.

Unfortunately, experience continued to expand. More particularly the consciousness of the national state became more pronounced than was compatible with the unity of the Holy Roman Empire or of the Catholic Church of Rome. Influences due to the speculations of Greek philosophers, who were not confronted with a society claiming to be the repository and trustee of a divine revelation, led men to think of the state as its own

*"One damned thing after another."

end. Machiavelli brought obloquy on himself by his indecent avowal of the principles on which statesmen and princes were already acting and have continued to act ever since. The great unifying tradition was cracking, and in the Reformation it broke.

The principle of the breach finds expression in two memorable utterances. Luther expressed it before the Diet of Worms when he said, *Hier steh' ich; ich kann nicht anders.* Descartes expressed it when he said, *Cogito ergo sum.* In both cases the individual consciousness is made the starting point. And that was inevitable. The tradition had failed; a new start must be made. As a rule a breach with tradition takes the form of an appeal to the essential principle of the tradition itself against the temporary or local form in which it has been embodied. That, indeed, was what Luther and Calvin attempted to do. They wished to return to the essential Gospel in independence of the accretions which it had suffered, and so to re-establish the one Christian Church in its purity. But the crisis led to a breach more complete than that. Partly because corruption had entered so deeply into the church, and partly also because the Scholastic system was so complete in itself, complete reconstruction was inevitable. With each reformer or group of reformers this could be guided only by individual conscience and individual interpretation of the Gospel. The individuals were, of course, products of the tradition, and owed more of their outlook to it than they were able to acknowledge. But it was to their own apprehension of truth that they appealed. And the individualism inherent in the whole movement of the Reformation has endowed Protestantism with its incurably fissiparous tendency, so that an enterprise which aimed at a universal recovery of the

one true church has issued in a multitudinous welter of competing sects.

It was not necessary for Luther or Calvin to analyse the process of their own reflections. They were concerned with truth as they saw it, not with their organ of vision. When the impulse to reconstruction affected philosophy, inquiry into the organ of vision could no longer be avoided. Descartes found himself bound to ask how he could know anything at all, or at any rate how he could know that he knew it. Searching for a primal certainty, he arrived at his own self-consciousness. "When I doubt, I cannot doubt that I doubt:" *Cogito ergo sum.* He interpreted this indubitable residuum as being the mind's consciousness of its own thought. If only he had interpreted it as the subject-object relation and affirmed this as the initial certainty, what a plethora of troubles would have been avoided! But his method, starting from pure subjectivism, had to be tried out by somebody. We all know its issue. On the continent it developed through the superb but rigid Monism of Spinoza and the Pre-established Harmony of Leibniz to the ludicrous dogmatism of Wolff. In England an empirical criticism of the three Cartesian entities—the self, God, and the world—led to a reduction of the last to Primary (or mathematical) Qualities by Locke; then to the abolition of objective Primary Qualities by Berkeley; then to the abolition of the self by Hume. The scepticism of Hume was dialectically impregnable and practically intolerable. It declared, in particular, that the so-called law or principle of causation was nothing other than our tendency to expect one impression to follow another when it had once done so. Kant, "reading Hume through the eyes of Leibniz and Leibniz through the eyes of Hume," took the problem lucidly stated by Hume, wrapped it in obscure

phraseology of superabundant intricacy, and called it its own solution. Hume said that we think one event causes another because our minds are made that way; Kant said that we understand events as causes and effects because causality is a category of the understanding. Kant subsequently developed a very strong philosophy on the basis of ethical and aesthetic experience. His *Critique of Pure Reason* does little more than demonstrate the fallacy of the Cartesian starting-point by exhibiting a mighty intellect struggling vainly to free itself from the entanglements inseparable from the whole enterprise of "modern philosophy."

That enterprise is part of the process of which Machiavelli was the prophet, though he was concerned only with its political manifestations. The mediaeval unification sought to allot to every departmental activity its appropriate sphere. The great merit of that effort was its determination to see each department in the light of the whole; its fatal defect was the attempt to control the activity of the departments, not by the pervasive influence of the spirit of the whole, but by regulations which were, or seemed to be, external. Politics, Art, Science, Philosophy were right to refuse all dictation from Theology. It was natural, though calamitous, that this refusal should take shape as a claim to absolute autonomy. So Politics reverted to the pagan principle, *Salus reipublicae suprema lex*, and the national state made claim to an allegiance due by right only to God. Art broke loose from one attachment after another until it degenerated into the artist's self-expression without regard to any question whether that self was worthy, or even fit, to be expressed; Science dissolved into the sciences, each pushing so far its independence of others that its subject-matter is reduced to pure abstraction—a measurement of dimen-

sions but not of things; Philosophy, no longer able to take for its field the inter-relation of all aspects of experience because each was repudiating its relation to the rest, attempted to construct an interpretation of reality from the starting-point of bare self-consciousness; and Theology, a queen bereft of subjects, could only mourn her isolation as she brooded over a religion reduced to "what a man does with his solitariness." It is small wonder that in the upshot our "modern world" is like a rudderless ship upon a stormy sea. There is an abundance of pilots, indeed, each with a different chart, a different goal, and an idiosyncratic compass. We all agree that the world is in a mess; but there is no agreement about the road to recovery, because there is no agreement about the meaning or destiny of human life, the scale of values, or the power of man to rescue himself from his predicament. Never has there been so much knowledge of the means to the good life, both physical and psychological; never has there been a greater sense of futility and frustration, because we cannot agree upon the conception of the good life itself.

This state of things is not to be remedied by any mere return to mediaevalism. We may look back with admiration to men whose intellectual scheme of life was so clean-cut and so complete; but we could not endure the actualities of mediaeval life. Moreover, we can see in the principle of the mediaeval scheme the cause of its failure. It was an attempt to reach Heaven by a short cut, and to establish the kingdom of God on earth by making His church a super-state. Thus the political impulse was driven into resistance to the spiritual, and the spiritual belied its own character in order to coerce the political. Above all, we must recognize that the emphasis laid by Luther and Descartes on personal

integrity in apprehension of, and witness to, truth was pure gain. We cannot go behind that.

Yet the world is feeling its way back to unity. Medical men are deploring the effect of specialization in preventing students from acquiring any understanding of, or insight into, the physiological organism as a whole. Psychologists and pastors are coming together in mutually supplementary co-operation. Students of science are driven back into the region proper to metaphysic. It is enough to mention the names of MacDonagh, Jeans, and Whitehead in illustration of these points. It is too early as yet to say whether Art is escaping from its limitless individualism, but when the dislike of any "message" has gone so far as to leave nothing to which "form" can be given we must be near recovery; it is to be hoped that the reaction may not be so violent as to leave us with an ethically didactic art. One dreads a revival of great poetry heralded by an ode to the League of Nations—that rather pathetic, though potentially most hopeful, expression of the return to unity in the political sphere.

Can we lay down any conditions as indispensable to the success of this movement towards unity? This article is written with the sole purpose of urging that we can, and that the condition is to be found precisely where the "modern" world is least willing to look for it. The chaos of our world arises from the indefinitely multifarious varieties of human temperaments, the divergent tendencies of different national and racial cultures, the discrepance in the estimate of Good and Evil formed by different men and different peoples. What hope can there be of bringing these together? What is likely, for example, to emerge from the joint efforts of a Chinese Confucian, a Burmese Buddhist, an Indian Hindu, an Arabian Moslem, a German Nazi, and an American

Behaviourist? Is it not clear that they could agree only upon platitudes too insignificant to be worth disputing? No one human tradition can attain to an expression of itself which can command the adherence of the followers of other traditions; no amalgam of them all can have the definiteness that gives to any conviction its motive force. If there is to be found a principle of solution for our perplexities, it must be found elsewhere than in the consciousness of men; it must be found in that most unpopular of quarters—a Divine Revelation.

For, indeed, the whole quest for unity implies, as its own foundation, an ultimate unity of the world, which must be either Matter or God. There are, broadly speaking, four suggestions with regard to the ultimate principle of unity: Mechanistic Materialism, Dialectical Materialism, Humanism, and Theism. Mechanistic Materialism has been wounded in the house of its friends by recent developments in physics. These make no logical difference; but the strength of any appeal from this old-fashioned Materialism was always to imagination rather than to reason; and for imagination the dissolution of the atom has fatally weakened that appeal. Dialectical Materialism, as held by Marxians, recognizes and insists upon the distinction between Matter and Mind, but regards Mind as active only in response to situations presented by its material environment. This denial of all spontaneity and true creativity is hard to reconcile with the aesthetic and ethical aspirations of men. Humanism does justice to these, but offers no apparent hope of guiding men to such agreement about the values of life as may provide a basis for its unification.

If God exists, then, because He is Creator of the world and "Determiner of Destiny," the welfare of man consists in conformity with His will. If He has revealed Himself,

that revelation will supply the standard for all judgments upon acts done or contemplated. If He is revealed as the Father of all men, and as being essentially Love, then in His revealed purpose is the principle which can bind together in harmony all persons of all races. There is no apparent hope of finding such a principle elsewhere.

The yearning of the world for unity can be satisfied only by a divine self-revelation. But if we believe that we have received such a revelation, we must avoid the mediaeval blunder of attempting to coerce conformity with it. We must point to it as our criterion; we must test our own conduct and aspiration and purpose by reference to it; we must proclaim the way of life for men and nations which seems to us to flow from acceptance of it. And then we must leave the world to accept or reject it by the action of reason and affection. For only the spiritual appeal which wins a voluntary assent penetrates deeply enough to control the secret springs of life. It is better to fail for the moment because our testimony is rejected than to win success by infecting with worldliness the call of the spirit. But we may, indeed we must, challenge all who hope for some restoration of the unity of life with the question where they may reasonably hope to find the principle of that unity. And if it be true that only a divine revelation affords any such hope, then we must point to the revelation which we believe to have been given, and call men to think out again their several problems with the added help of its illumination. But we must not only or chiefly call others to do these things; nor can we wait till they answer. We must do the best we can, ourselves and at once. This is a shocking conclusion for an article in an academic magazine. But if shocks are what men need, why not administer them?

"RECONCILIATION" IN TRAGEDY SHAKESPEARE AND SOPHOCLES

ELMER EDGAR STOLL

MANY of the later critics of Shakespeare have sought in the *finale* of his tragedies for signs of a reconciliation with life, or a justification of the ways of God to men so far as they are in question in the story. Some have received vague impressions to the effect that what befalls the good and unoffending does not matter in comparison with what they are, and that the evil in the tragedy is only negative and barren; others, less numerous, who have not received such impressions, have, in their disappointment, contrasted Shakespeare with the Greeks. The Greeks, they say, both present a problem and provide a solution.

I will not again[1] consider the position first-named. As some few have noted before me, the great critics Dowden and Bradley, who take it, have, though with taste and tact, offended against the principles of both history and criticism. It is a sort of Hegelianism that discovers this "feeling of reconciliation" which tragedy provides "in virtue of its vision of eternal justice;"[2] it is a sort of monism or pantheism that determines this doctrine of good and evil. In Shakespeare, as Croce rightly observes, good and evil are "as light opposed to darkness." But the critics' fundamental error is not so much in attributing to Shakespeare ideas modern and alien as in attributing ideas of any sort. Every work of art—despite the authors' prefaces or "programmes," footnotes and appendices, keys or interpretations, nowadays needed and provided—every work of *art* stands alone and is self-

[1] See my *Art and Artifice in Shakespeare*, 1933, pp. 163-6.
[2] W. M. Dixon, *Tragedy*, 1924, p. 163.

contained. "A play is significant in itself," as Professor Frye declares, "or not at all."

It is the other position that now interests me: Shakespeare and Sophocles, as I take it, though the Englishman in all probability knew nothing of the Athenian, are in this matter of a reconciliation nearly at one. It is only Æschylus who puts the problem and endeavours piously to solve it. It is only Æschylus who makes the hero, such as Orestes, both right and wrong, and carries the human conflict up before the celestial tribunal, or (like Euripides, though in a different spirit) brings the gods down before the terrestrial. The undertaking is necessary. For it is only Æschylus who fearlessly and relentlessly traces the causes of human calamity back to the sufferer's own or his ancestors' transgressions, whether voluntary or not, following the long and devious course of a curse, and, in the process, representing the murderer also as an avenger and making a victim of him in turn. Thus the foremost of tragic poets produces great situations, as in the case of Agamemnon and his filial avenger—the king entering his palace with the guilt of Iphigeneia's blood and the curse of the Thyestean banquet upon his head, as well as the envy of the gods for his presuming to tread upon the purple tapestry, and Orestes pursued by the Furies for avenging his father upon his mother. But he has need of a reconciliation, or adjustment: he has to bring some moral order into the primeval mythical confusion upon which he has entered.

It is otherwise with Sophocles, who resembles Shakespeare. He keeps the scene on earth, and the deities in the background. What interests him is story and character, not an idea behind them, and emotions, not the moral or immoral forces which provoke or punish them. Life for him is not a problem but a mystery, not so much

a discipline or retribution as a calamitous but heroic experience, the tragedy which presents it being a tale of a great misfortune, not of a misdeed, cast in a compact and stimulating dramatic mould; and for the most part his heroes and heroines suffer and perish without any curse upon them or even a tragic fault within. Morals for him are the accepted morals of his day, insufficient and inadequate to explain God's ways with men. Therefore as he approaches the myths he picks and chooses. In the four tragedies where it is touched upon, the fatality which attaches to the houses of Labdacus and of Atreus is treated sympathetically and poetically, without, as in Æschylus, reverting to the heinous cause or provocation. Œdipus and Antigone, Heracles and Dejaneira, Orestes and Philoctetes, like Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet and Ophelia, Othello and Desdemona, Lear and Cordelia, all have done nothing to justify the calamity which befalls them; and, as in Shakespeare, what chiefly reconciles us to their suffering, in the spectacle of pity and fear, is the final effect of harmony. In Sophocles, as in Æschylus, there is Destiny, but it is so far disentangled from superstitious, ceremonial, and really moral implications and prejudices as no longer to heighten the hero's responsibility, but, indeed, to relieve it. In the case of Œdipus the fulfilment, long before the tragedy begins, of the oracle that he should kill his father and marry his mother, coming upon him for no fault of his own, is, practically, almost equivalent, as Mr. Sheppard says, to what we now call "circumstances." But dramatically, imaginatively, it is of much greater value, and as the hero comes to realize the horror of his plight, it furnishes a situation equal to that of Agamemnon, with a more unmingled sympathy on his side. In both cases the hero is not his own destiny: he is in the grip of it. In both cases there

is a contrast between character and conduct. But in Sophocles the contrast is sharper and clearer-cut—between the decrees of Fate and the "fallibility of human endeavour"—and the situation is not so much moral as merely natural and emotional. As such, it is steeply ironical; and in Æschylus, as has been said,[3] there is none of the unconscious irony, rightly called Sophoclean:

> . . . [Sophocles] neither attempts, like Æschylus, to justify the evil nor presumes, like Euripides, to deny its divine origin. That is because his gods—whether he believed in them, or exactly in what sense, does not matter—stand for the universe of circumstance as it is. Æschylus and Euripides both demand for their worship a god who is good and just. Both therefore must attempt to solve the "problem of evil." The pagan gods of Homer and Sophocles require no such reconciliation. They are great and good, and great and bad, like things, and men, and nature. . . . Had Sophocles chosen he might have treated Œdipus as a willing sinner justly punished. But that method would have made the tragedy less tragic. . . . He neither justifies the gods by making Œdipus a criminal nor condemns the gods because the agony of Œdipus is undeserved. He bids the audience face the facts.[4]

And is not that, on the whole, though with no deities even in the background, what Shakespeare does, in a still wider, less regular and orderly world than that of Sophocles?

Not only does Shakespeare leave upon us such a final impression, but he secures it by similar means. Elsewhere[5] I have shown that in his greatest tragedies he, too, has not made the hero seal his own doom, and, so far, is in keeping with, though in ignorance of, not only the

[3] A. E. Haigh, *Tragic Drama of the Greeks*, 1896, p. 177.

[4] J. T. Sheppard, *Œdipus Tyrannus*, 1920, pp. xxxvi, xl. *Cf.* Jebb, *Œdipus Tyrannus*, 1887, p. xxxviii. In the matter of lightening the load of human responsibility Sophocles and Shakespeare are not remote from the present-day "conception of tragedy as inhering in the nature of things." *Cf.* Lewisohn, *Modern Drama*, 1915, p. 6.

[5] *Art and Artifice in Shakespeare*, especially chap. ii.

principle of Aristotle[6] but the practice of Sophocles, and for that matter, of Æschylus and Euripides as well. He, too, has put character in sharp contrast with conduct. Othello, for instance, is, like Œdipus, in a plight; Othello's destiny is Iago; and psychology can no more explain this complication than the other. It is only the convention of a villain's influence replacing that of Fate. In either tragedy, as also in the *Agamemnon* and the *Hippolytus*, the great advantage of a surcharged, highly explosive situation is peremptorily but expeditiously secured. The situation of Othello, however, is more like that of Œdipus, Antigone, and Dejaneira, because of the far greater innocence of the hero or heroine and the consequent more poignantly emotional effect. Both poets so manage as to eliminate disturbing considerations or explanations: in the *Œdipus* the fulfilment of the oracle is previous to the play; in the other, the notion that hearing is believing is so deftly introduced, and the hero's noble generosity and the villain's sagacious honesty are so unanimously acknowledged, that both premises are accepted by the audience without psychological questioning or any damage to the prestige of the hero. Then, the premises having been given and granted, comes the conclusion. The tragedy, having been thus precipitated, runs its course as inevitably and irresponsibly as a cataclysm in nature, subsiding, as in all Greek drama but not in Ibsen, gradually to a close. The tension relaxes; the passions die away; and in the mere subsidence there is a sense of relief. And there are pity and sorrow for the deserving, reprobation or punishment for the undeserving, restoration for the distracted state, and, perhaps, some clearer recognition of the laws of human conduct. But there is no glaring moral confusion or contradiction

[6] *Poetics*, sect. 6—that plot comes first, character second.

to clear up, or pressing problem to solve, or deep difference to reconcile. Everything is set right that can be, and the more easily because, as not in Æschylus and Euripides, it is evident what is right, what wrong; and everything is explained that need be, except what cannot be. The relation of good and evil, if not in the individual, out in the world, remains a mystery; and the prevailing mood, if not of the sufferers, of the onlookers, is that of awe and wonder, of patience or acceptance.

Shakespeare, however, in securing this effect, finds it necessary, in the dramatic process, to give his pure-minded hero some part at least in shaping his destiny: otherwise the plausibility and justice of it as well as the hero's own dignity would be impaired. "For the purposes of this art a superficial motivation is adequate;"[7] the only condition that it has to satisfy is that it should be immediately plausible to the audience; and the hero or heroine is given a weakness or shortcoming, though nowise commensurate with the calamity which ensues. Othello's impetuosity, like that of Romeo and Lear, Desdemona's imprudent friendliness with Cassio and her timorous evasiveness with her husband, like the uncompromising sincerity of Cordelia, contribute to, but do not determine, their fall. Hamlet, though really he does not hesitate or procrastinate, must seem to do so and reproach himself for doing so, and Macbeth, though not so innocent, is no mere tool in the hands of his lady or of Destiny. This superficial causal connection, however slender or illusory, reassures us of the hero's reality, and serves to make his ruin more probable and acceptable; it rights the balance of a tragedy in which the hero is otherwise perfect, and in the retrospect is part of the final impression. Is there also something of the sort in Sophocles?

[7] *Times Literary Supplement*, Nov. 2, 1933, review of my *Art and Artifice*; a phrase better than my own.

It is not thus, of course, at this latter point or in general, that Shakespeare or even Sophocles is ordinarily judged. Those Grecians, indeed, best gifted with literary taste and dramatic instinct, such as Jebb and Butcher, Haigh and Sheppard, repudiate the serious charges made against Œdipus and Antigone. Unlike many, they perceive that there can be no justice, either apparent or intended, in bringing down such woes upon the hero for killing the man who struck him where the three ways meet or for not being more cautious and circumspect in marriage; still less, for his anger against Teiresias (and against Creon as an accomplice) when the prophet makes his dire and (to such innocence) wanton and outrageous insinuations; and least of all, for pressing irresistibly on to discover the identity of the offender who has brought the plague upon his city. They acknowledge that such conduct is not criminal nor ever was.[8] And also they cannot but bow in reverence before Antigone as she unhesitatingly sets aside the decree of man in favour of the "unwritten," "eternal" laws of Heaven and of her heart. They do not, however, make the retort to these Rhadamanthine antiquaries that seems to be most to the point. Apart from *hybris*, of course, the "tragic sin" oftenest detected in Sophocles is—not only in Œdipus and Antigone but also in Electra, Telamon, and Telephus—no more than that of a "harsh," "headstrong," or "hasty" temper, "quickness to wrath," in short, "impetuosity" again.[9] And that of Dejaneira in the *Trachiniae* is much the same,

[8]Not only would an Athenian audience instinctively allow for the impulsive recklessness of a mythical hero, like Hercules (or Samson), when, as here, no point of blood-guilt is raised; but, as Sheppard observes (*Œdipus*, pp. xxviii-xxix) an Athenian jury, in such a case, would exonerate him. So an Elizabethan audience did not reckon against Hamlet the death of Polonius and of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

[9]*Cf.* the two articles by Professor C. R. Post, in *Harvard Studies in Classical Philology*, 1912, 1922, on the "Dramatic Art of Sophocles." Telamon and Telephus, of course, are in tragedies now lost.

for she allows her "passion to precipitate her in unreflecting action." These lighter charges, certainly, unlike the serious, are warranted by the text. But if made serious, how cruel and puritanical, and also tame and unresourceful, becomes the dramatist! The mere uniformity of the *hamartia* should of itself disconcert us, and lead us to consider whether a perfectly discreet and tactful hero or heroine, if quite innocent, could, in these tragedies or in the world as we know it, well come to disaster; and whether this is not instead a case of the superficial motivation, epical rather than dramatic, mentioned above. Just so, in the same draconian spirit, Romeo has generally been accused of "impetuosity" or rashness, and Lear and Cordelia of harshness of temper, just as, on the other hand (when the tragic deed must be not expedited but impeded), the Orestes of Æschylus and of Euripides, or the Alcmaeon of the lost Sophoclean *Epigoni*, has been made out to be a romantic Hamlet before his time.[10] What of the sulking Achilles, then, and the circuitous Ulysses? By the same critical standards the conduct of both is unethical and pathological, and, like that of the weak-kneed nineteenth-century Dane, a fit subject for psychoanalysis. Does the son of Peleus really want to fight, or the son of Laertes to return? And as for Romeo, this fault of his is shared by the others—as Archer says, the catastrophe results from the hot-headed impetuosity of *all* the characters. Much the same might be said of King Lear; and in some sort impetuosity is a requirement in drama. There must be action, the effect of movement; and in all tragedy—ancient, Elizabethan, and Bourbon—the prevailing imagery is drawn from the phenomenon of motion. To interpret this matter of structure in terms of character and morals is like Alfred Berger's and Ber-

[10]Post, *op. cit.*, 1922, pp. 21-2.

nard Shaw's taking the various forms of deception in Shakespeare, though found as abundantly in the other drama of the Renaissance and also in the ancient, to be an indication that to him the world was but a great stage of fools; or like Masefield's taking the plays themselves to be studies in treachery.

The outbursts of passion are to be justified otherwise, as well. Œdipus' moments of anger, not only in the *Tyrannus* but in the *Coloneus*, and the curse on himself in the one play and on his sons in the other, are, like the outcries of pain on the part of Sophocles' Philoctetes and also of Virgil's Laocoon, necessary, as Lessing observes of the latter, for the right and adequate effect. How else is the audience or the reader to know the full measure of the hero's suffering, or appreciate the cause? And Œdipus' wrath against Creon and Teiresias is, in these extraordinary circumstances, a measure of his innocence, as well as an obstacle to his understanding. The stage, as the great critic and dramatist declares, is not the arena, and the tragic hero, not a gladiator, who "conquers agony." Nowadays, to be sure, the stage is less unlike the arena; for the action is more a matter of pantomime and setting, and of such sober and discreet speech as there is in conversation. But in the Periclean epoch and the Elizabethan it was, so far as the dramatist was concerned, a matter of speech alone, though free of realistic restrictions, and running the whole gamut from the prosaic to the lyrical, from simple statement to apostrophe and exclamation. Hellenic tragedy, particularly the Sophoclean, is, as I have elsewhere indicated, like the Shakespearean, a system and rhythm, both a contrast and a harmony, of emotions.[11] These break out upon the surface, do not as in our colloquial drama run underground,

[11]In an article "The Dramatic Texture in Shakespeare," to appear in the *Criterion*.

and are frankly displayed and amply developed; without explicit comment to give it effect, there is no place in their midst for stoicism. What would become of the *Prometheus Vinctus* if the protagonist were a Zeno, or lived up to the standard of decorum set forth by Adam Smith?[12] The hero must respond, not, like a Spartan, hold his peace,—his heroism appears in his defiance, despite his pain; and the greater moments must be signalized by a more emphatic response or their importance will be lost, the emotional rhythm broken. Only under such a system of reasonings as in Corneille and Racine, or of suggestions as in Ibsen, and of deft preparations and approaches, as in all three and less frequently in Shakespeare and the ancients, can the hero, at the great moment, be confined to a phrase or syllable, in a house where you could hear the drop of a pin. In Shakespeare and the ancients, too, there may then be, though seldom such taciturnity, the quiet simplicity at least; but in general it is as a climax upon climax, the pianissimo after the fortissimo, Lear's "Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little," following his "Howl, howl, howl." Realism, moreover, nationality, are secondary, dubious considerations. The Periclean, like the Homeric Greeks, were, indeed, not a stoical or taciturn people, given to understatement; the Elizabethans, like the Anglo-Saxons before them and the John Bulls of today, were both the one and the other; but because of the very nature of the dramatic medium the wrath of Lear or Othello is no more to be accounted a tragic sin than is that of Œdipus.

Whether the fault be serious or such only because the critic is minded so to make it, it is surely owing to the conception that a fault there must be to bring about the hero's ruin. And this, as we have seen, is somewhat

[12]Lessing's *Laokoon*, iv, 3.

justified by the nature of drama and of the life which, remotely, it imitates. In some measure the character must be his own destiny—or seem to be so. But still more the critic's attitude is owing to an inherited doctrine. It is Shakespeare criticism, perhaps, that misleads the great Wilamowitz into making the Æschylean hero into something of a Coleridgean Hamlet, doubting and hesitating, and nerving himself up, though to him the deed, as it is not to Hamlet, is both a duty and a crime. It is, in some part, an insufficient reading of Aristotle, but in greater part, the influence of Hegel again[13] that misleads some German and English-speaking critics into turning the Aristotelian pity and fear into "pity and horror," and holding Antigone, as well as Œdipus, to be a fit object only for the latter two. "In the view of the Eternal Justice," declares the political philosopher, "both Creon and Antigone were wrong, because they were one-sided; but at the same time both were right." He and the others ignore what the Stagirite says of the subordination of character to plot, of the preferableness of a crime committed in ignorance (or an error in judgment, not a depravity, leading to some deed of horror), and of a hero better than the ordinary man, or as men "ought to be;" and they firmly remember, instead, what he says of its being intolerable to see a good man passing from happiness to misery, and of the right hero as not pre-eminently virtuous and just. Almost immediately after this last dictum,[14] however, he modifies it, remarking that "the man himself, being either such as we have described, or better, not worse than that." In this connection his ablest and most recent commentator[15] observes that the various utterances on the subject are difficult to

[13]Jebb, *Antigone*, 1900, p. xxi.
[14]*Poetics*, sect. 13.
[15]Bywater, *Aristotle on the Art of Poetry*, 1909, pp. 213, 216.

reconcile; and here the master appears to swerve because of religious or moral considerations.

In any case the Aristotelian "fear" is not "horror;" the sage himself says that it is sympathetic, "for one like ourselves;"[16] and the connection of it with pity, by him continually repeated whether in the *Poetics* or elsewhere, is not casual or idle but complementary and indissoluble. On the sage's part it is an intuition. Without fear tragedy would be sentimental; without pity, melodramatic. Certainly horror also may enter into the tragedy, as it does in the *Oresteia* and in *Macbeth*, but not in the *Antigone* as we have it.

To be sure, the maiden's offence against the king—that is, the state—would be more acceptable as a justification of her suffering and death than is wilfulness or harshness of temper; but it is even less warranted by the text or Sophocles' general dramatic attitude and method. As Haigh and others with him have observed, "it is difficult to see how the view could ever have been maintained; the whole tone of the play is against it."[17] At first the chorus is inclined to blame her for her disobedience; but this, as Jebb says, only isolates her and heightens the effect of her heroism;[18] and in the early part of a Sophoclean tragedy the chorus, like the modern *raisonneur*, is frequently thus mistaken in its perceptions and counsels, as in the *Œdipus Tyrannus* and the *Ajax*, the *Philoctetes*

[16]"Pity is occasioned by undeserved misfortune and fear by that of one like ourselves" (sect. 13). "This disinterested fear, which rests, like pity, on a basis of sympathy" (Bywater, p. 215). "The primary error in . . . interpretations of *παθημάτων κάθαρσις* is [a reading of] a directly moral interpretation into the term. . . . The great function of the tragic poet [Aristotle] thinks, is to excite certain emotions, and procure us the pleasure that must accompany such excitement. This pleasurable excitement of emotion, in fact, is with him the end and aim of Tragedy, so far as the poet himself is concerned" (p. 161).

[17]Haigh, *op. cit.*, p. 184.

[18]Jebb, *Antigone*, pp. xxvi-xxvii. The opinion of the chorus changes as events proceed and truth is disclosed—that is part and parcel of the drama—but at the last it is wholly on Antigone's side.

and the *Electra*.[19] The chorus, too, should be regarded as one of the actors, says Aristotle, which in both Sophocles and Æschylus it is. And near the end of the tragedy (lines 1257-60, 1349-50), it "informs Creon that he is the cause of his own misfortunes, and that 'reverence for the gods must be preserved inviolate'." Sophocles clearly distinguishes between disobedience to the decree of a tyrant and disloyalty to the state, one's fatherland; as does Æschylus also (though in other regards he makes Agamemnon, Orestes, and Eteocles both right and wrong) when at the end of the *Seven Against Thebes*, Antigone, and half the chorus with her, resolve, disobediently, to bury Polynices. Her brother had been disloyal; but, declares the princess, the gods have already punished him (line 1038); and as the Theban chorus, more discriminating than modern scholars take it to be or than they themselves are, aptly remembers (line 1062), "what a state deems right changes with change of time." *Its* laws, though written, are not eternal; and though patriots and soldiers, Æschylus and Sophocles were no such worshippers of the state as Hegel and Fichte, along with most other Germans in their day, not to mention ours.

Why, then, must Antigone die? Why must Cordelia? The latter question, propounded by the greatest Shakespeareans, is parallel, for the British princess betrays a similar refractory spirit, and has likewise been indicted—to be sure, by Gervinus—for an offence against the state, that of raising an army to invade it. The simple answer—fundamental answers to questions of art are generally simple—is that the play is a tragedy, and in the greatest tragedy as well as the worst, character, as Aristotle says, is subordinate. An answer less obvious is that tragedy, which arouses pity and fear, is, other things being equal,

[19] *Cf.*, also, Haigh, *op. cit.*, pp. 153-4, 184.

the better when it arouses them at their greatest intensity —in their violence, says Racine,—life itself being most piteous and terrible when the undeserving, not the deserving, perish. The question, primarily, is not whether, in ordinary life, a human being can come to such an end without being himself more to blame for it, but whether, so far as is consistent with the necessary emotional effect of the whole, he seems to do so here. The dispositions of Goneril, Regan, and Edmund in the one play, and of Creon in the other, as well as the spirit of the heroines themselves, plainly make Cordelia and Antigone seem to come to such an end. And death staring them in the face, Cordelia, as she undertakes to save her father or, without repining, goes with him to prison, and Antigone, as she yields to no persuasions of sister or chorus, and to no menaces of her uncle, only shine forth the brighter. Cordelia, moreover, must die to break the heart of her father, who has cast her off but has now found perfect happiness, even when going to prison, in reunion with her. And Antigone must die to break the heart of Haemon, and of Eurydice, and to bring Creon low. If Edgar with the countermand, or Creon driven by Teiresias to the rescue, had arrived in time, there would have been an anticlimax, and, after all these high preparations and fateful approaches, an æsthetic fiasco.

Œdipus is the centre of a still more imposing though more improbable situation, like Romeo, Othello, and Lear, Hamlet and Macbeth. It is more imposing even because it is more improbable—because it comprehends a wider range of experience, offers a bolder and more arresting contrast. "Les grands sujets," says Corneille in the *Discours du Poème Tragique*, transcending Aristotle, "qui, remuent fortement les passions, et en opposent l'impétuosité aux lois du devoir ou aux tendresses du sang,

doivent toujours aller au delà du vraisemblable." These six heroes are alike precipitated into great misfortune, all of them undeservedly except Macbeth—though at the outset he, too, is an honourable man; and still more than Cordelia and Antigone they are made subordinate to the plot, in order that they may be superior to their conduct. By the very premise or postulate of the traditional fable, they are in the situation already, like Œdipus, or (in keeping with Elizabethan art, which tells the whole story) thrust into it at the beginning, like the Shakespearean heroes. All of them are "impetuous," even violent, and most of them, when occasion arises, as "quick to wrath" as a classical scholar could require, including (where the story permits) even Hamlet himself: were they not so (again) there could be no tragedy. But that their tragic fate is in any considerable measure their due, or satisfies our sense of justice at the end, is not much truer in their case than in that of Ophelia, or Desdemona, or Duncan (who has been blamed for his trustfulness and imprudence as the two young ladies have been for lying). The hero is not his own nemesis. He is not like the Scottish poet, who "died of being Robert Burns"—not like a character of James, George Eliot, or Balzac. And Œdipus bears no responsibility as, according to both Wilamowitz and Sheppard, he well might have been made to do, for the nemesis laid upon him. He might have been the aggressor "where the three ways meet;" for both the slaying and the marriage he might have had enough responsibility (which is quite contrary to the hypothesis) immediately to suspect the truth.[20] And instead of being reproached, and held guilty of *hybris*, for relentlessly pressing on in his discovery, he is, as Mr. Sheppard says, to be sympathized with and admired for his courage. So

[20]Sheppard, *Œdipus Tyrannus*, pp. viii-xxix.

is Hamlet, like the Orestes of Sophocles, neither of them really blamable, though one is blamed by himself as is the other by his sister; and so in lesser and varying measure, and with varying admixture of pity and fear, are Romeo, Othello, Lear, and even Macbeth. But this of Œdipus is probably the most thrilling single situation ever produced upon the stage, this "passionate search for the truth, and devotion to it though it kill him;"[21] and how the poignant contrast of "Man proposes, God disposes," would be dulled if the man were touched with guilt! Also, the Theban king is thus doing his duty; deeply concerned for his stricken people and bidden by the oracle to drive the murderer from their midst, he has vowed that to this end he will leave nought untried, laying a curse upon him. How incurious and craven, not to say impious, however circumspect and discreet, if now at Teiresias' warning or Jocasta's supplication he had refrained! *Hybris* is another ready-made, overworked "tragic sin;" Œdipus, indeed, unlike Antigone, is tainted with it as, like Jocasta, he momentarily doubts the earlier oracle on hearing of his putative father's death; and like other Greek tragic heroes he at times utters ill-omened words, the words of pride and self-confidence;[22] but that is a different thing from an "insensate conceit of his own sufficiency . . . gross moral impropriety in the bias whereby he seeks for himself the solution of his own problematic existence." Œdipus, who dreads and trembles at the thought of the thing he may discover—"Forbid, forbid, ye pure and awful gods, that I should see that day!"—Œdipus, one of the noblest and (though on great provocation, irascible) tenderest figures in poetry!

ὦ τέκνα, Κάδμου τοῦ πάλαι νέα τροφή.

[21]G. M. Sargeaunt, "The Genius of Sophocles" (*Criterion*, July, 1932, p. 650).
[22]Sheppard, *Œdipus Tyrannus*, p. xxi.

In sweet dignity of phrase and rhythm there is no one equal to him except Browning's Pope—"Like to Ahasuerus, that shrewd Prince"—and except Othello. But so the Moor has, in various fashion, been by the carping critics made "a goose," and "conceit" or "vanity" has repeatedly been attributed to Lear! For such traits in hero and heroine have, strangely enough, not been considered incompatible with tragedy!

And what would any one—except a critic—have Dejaneira do but send the love-charm to win back her erring husband? It is in the old story—for that situation did Sophocles undertake the tragedy—and the poet makes it sufficiently clear that love, not jealousy or revenge, is impelling her.[23] The sweet lady's failure to perceive the wounded Centaur's purpose is as freely to be granted as Othello's failure to perceive Iago's, or Œdipus' failure, before the play began, to detect the pitfall in any sort of marriage. It is one of the ironies that he has read riddles; but it is no crime or folly not to be able to read one's own. How few of us, in our wisdom, do! And these heroic beings are all the playthings of Fate, the objects only of pity and (sympathetically) of fear, and not of horror or of censure.

Æschylus, to be sure, is in some ways a better mate for Shakespeare. Æschylus has a bolder, more engrossing imagination, commingling sense with spirit, the natural with the moral, even (as in the nurse scene in the *Choephori*) the comic with the tragic. But he is less clear-sighted and equable than Sophocles, and ventured in where Shakespeare, whether because of Elizabethan popular stage tradition or the spirit of the Renaissance or his own temperament, dared or cared not to tread. Yet it is

[23]Sheppard, *Æschylus and Sophocles*, 1927, pp. 74-5. She speaks only the language of affection, and is not resentful against Iole. *Cf.* Haigh, *op. cit.*, p. 160.

not, I take it, because he teaches a philosophy that the Eleusinian initiate produces much effect upon us. It is because he dramatizes it: it is because he conceives of Orestes as both performing a duty towards his father and committing a crime upon his mother. And the justification (also dramatized), in virtue of ceremonial, political, and even sophistical considerations, by the vote of the Areopagus, though under the presidence of Athena, leaves something to be desired. So far, I must prefer the reticence, and wistful reverence, of Sophocles and of Shakespeare. Both, as Swinburne in another connection has said, are "imbued with the old faith at once in the necessity of things and in the endurance of man." In this regard the poet of Prometheus is more akin to that of Faustus.

Both Athenians, indeed, have more of a religious element in their dramatic work than Shakespeare. The chorus, which, in the end, is a fairly impartial or disinterested observer, furnishes the opportunity; but the chief reason is that with the Greeks there was no separation between the secular and the spiritual such as there is to-day and was in Shakespeare's time, particularly in poetry and the drama. From the Renaissance down, English poetry, like the French and the Italian, has been prevailingly pagan, and the drama almost wholly so. Tragedy, even when penned by unimpeachable Christians like Corneille and Racine, has been unreligious, with no hope beyond. Yet this is owing not merely to the influence of Seneca, but to the requirement of tragedy itself. It must be tragic, we have seen. The ending of the *Eumenides* is more moral and patriotic than poetical; and about the happiest ending to be expected is, as in Sophocles, one of calm and repose. Now Christianity is too comforting for tragedy, which the Greek religion is not. God

and Heaven in the *finale* would break or dull the tragic point as Zeus and Hades do not. Moreover, God and Heaven would be an intrusion. Except rhetorically or colloquially, they could not play a part in the tragedy before the end: in the Greek, Zeus and Hades have played a part. *There* religion is natural and human, not supernatural and superhuman, is poetical and of the tragic warp and woof; and consequently, at the end of the *Trachiniae*, Hyllus may say, "And in all this there is nought but Zeus." Here is no conventional piety—to the grief-stricken son of Heracles "all this" is not greatly to the Olympian's credit. It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves. And when Œdipus knows not with what eyes he could have looked on his father and mother when he came to the place of the dead, that sentiment, too, remains sufficiently deep in the tragic vein. It is not facile and shallow, official or perfunctory, like that of the pulpit or hymn-book. Sophocles, to be sure, penned the *Coloneus*, a more religious play than any of Shakespeare's; and there the woes of the much-enduring hero come to a peaceful and lofty consummation; but comfort for his daughters, who must needs live on, does not rise above "Come, cease lamentation, lift it up no more; for verily these things stand fast." And the strain is no higher at the end of the *Tyrannus*, the *Antigone*, and the *Ajax*.

If, however, there is less of religion in Shakespeare, there is, though without the chorus for vehicle, almost as much of high imaginative vision and comprehension. These sentiments, necessarily, are moulded and coloured to fit the lips of the particular character, like Macbeth's

> Out, out, brief candle,

or Edmund's

> The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Yet we have Edgar's words,

> Man must abide his going hence as his coming hither;
> Ripeness is all . . . ;

Gloster's

> As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods . . . ;

and his of Lear,

> O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
> Shall so wear out to nought;

as well as Hamlet's just before the court enters to witness the fencing-match, Antony's about mortals mutable as clouds and water, and Prospero's about life as a dream, ending in a sleep. And these higher views relieve us, if they do not console us; these wider horizons calm us. If the gods, however remotely, do not look down upon the scene to ennoble it, mortals, at least, look up and round.

The chief thing is sanity, and, as we have already noticed and must now realize, harmony in the presentation. In art sanity and harmony are almost one and the same. In neither Shakespeare nor Sophocles is there a reconciliation in any definitely moral or philosophical sense. But drama is art, not philosophy or theology; and in poetry what is terrible, as in painting what is mean or ugly, takes on proportions and a beauty when touched by a master-hand. The tragedy of these poets is not the perfect image of life—for that it is too one-sided and too concentrated—yet normal life is in the background, and at the end presses forward, and closes in upon us, to resume its sway. As the tension relaxes and the passions subside, pity displaces fear. And there is the satisfaction of crime adequately punished, the consolation of misfortune boldly confronted and borne. In Sophocles, still more than in Shakespeare, who has also his Coriolanus

and his Richard III, is the hero's or heroine's character superior to his conduct—to the plight wherein he is placed and the fate under which he succumbs. But this consolation, when really offered, must needs be partial and meagre, or the tragic point (again) would be dulled, its effect obscured. Moreover, the hero himself, as we have noticed, has not been discreet or prudent, not entirely free of blame. In Sophocles there is more of moralizing on this subject, with counsels of moderation and wisdom; yet since the calamity comes from above, there is also more of humility and troubled piety. In Shakespeare, on the other hand, there is more of the sense of the brevity and illusoriness of our pilgrimage,—an actor's hour on the stage, a walking shadow, a dream that ends but not by waking. In both, our pain is thus somewhat assuaged. But if in neither does moralizing or justifying play a conspicuous part, there is no tampering with morality. As I have elsewhere said, the verities are unshaken, the moral values and even the social sanctions are unbroken. On the one hand, there is not the transcendental consolation of evil as but negative, barren, and self-destructive, nor, on the other, the desolation of good and evil merged and obscured. There is no scepticism or cynicism, no enveloping irony, as in Ibsen and O'Neill; no bitter despair or mockery on the lips of the survivors or (except the villains) of the dying. There is no hollow echo at the end. There is order, there is something solid, behind or above: there are the laws of Heaven, which though unwritten, we can read, or the book of Fate, which we cannot. These, however comfortless, are steadying—more so at any rate than chaos and the all-engulfing abyss. As mere art they are better. Tragedy within tragedy, chaos within chaos, as we have it nowadays, somewhat fails of effect. There is no relief as the sun rises and glares upon the glacier at

the end of *Ghosts*, as the shutters and the door slam at the end of *Mourning Becomes Electra*. And relief—if not reconciliation—there should be in tragedy.

A mere matter of proportions and balance may seem too negative. But the necessary positive element is, not morality, not philosophy or theodicy, but vision and emotion. It is not truth, but an imaginative experience; not fact, but the poet's "sense of fact." For great tragedy is poetry; poetry, as Mr. Housman, after Milton, has lately said, produces emotion; and tragedy, as Aristotle averred, produces those of pity and fear, "the pleasurable excitement of the emotions being the end and aim of tragedy." Those in the audience are the reflux of those upon the stage; and those on the stage, in Shakespeare and Sophocles alike, constitute, in their frank and overt expression and varied tone and tension, in their fluctuation and interaction, a rhythm and harmony in pre-eminent measure. The emotions aroused are allayed. So they are in Æschylus, as well. What, however, in tragedy is for reconciliation indispensable is that the dissonance should proceed to a consonance, and that the tragedy should descend, as in Sophocles and Shakespeare it does, and in Ibsen and O'Neill it often does not, to a tonic chord, a rest-tone. Or, in terms of another harmony, after the spasm and convulsion, rest and quiet breathing. And for other reconciliation than that we must turn, if to tragedy at all, to Æschylus.

Not that this is the whole of it. It is not enough that the emotions should be aroused, developed, and conducted to a close. They should be intense and beautiful, far beyond any that we can experience of ourselves, as they are also in Æschylus, who is a great out-spoken poet like Dante, and (though greater) like Spenser and Milton. The philosophy of these is not a discredit to

their poetry, in fact it is a warrant and, so to speak, by-product of their sincerity; only, it is not for their philosophy, which, indeed, is but a poor thing, that we should turn to them. Nor is it chiefly for "criticism of life," or "a consolation and a stay," as to a sort of scripture, that we should turn to them, any more than to the remote and elusive, the reticent and diffident Sophocles and Shakespeare. Poetry is not a gospel, tragedy not a play with a "message," and Matthew Arnold has happier words than those above quoted, for a higher, if less neatly edifying, experience, which are appropriate, if the writing be great enough, to both verse and prose, not only to tragedy but also to the epic, the lyric, and the novel:

> The grand power of poetry is its interpretative power; by which I mean, not a power of drawing out in black and white an explanation of the mystery of the universe, but the power of so dealing with things as to awaken in us a wonderfully full, new and intimate sense of them and of our relations with them. When this sense is awakened in us, as to objects without us, we feel ourselves to be in contact with the essential nature of those objects, to be no longer bewildered and oppressed by them but to have their secret, and to be in harmony with them; and this feeling calms and satisfies us as no other can.[24]

[24] *Maurice de Guérin.* Quoted and contrasted somewhat as above, by Mr. E. K. Brown, in "The French Reputation of Arnold" (*Studies in English*, ed. M. W. Wallace, Toronto, 1931).

WHAT HAS BEFALLEN US

GEORGE M. WRONG

PESSIMISM is now the prevailing note in the outlook of many. Democracy, with some bad failures to its debit, is under suspicion and by not a few finally condemned. In the United States people are being reminded that the first president, Washington, said that "mankind, left to themselves, are unfit for their own government," to which the second president, John Adams, added that democracy is "the most ignoble, unjust and detestable form of government." Burke thought that not more than four hundred thousand of the sixteen million people in Great Britain were fit to vote. Democracy, it is pointed out, tends to come under the control of a greedy capitalism and of a degraded press that tells only as much of the truth as suits its aims. Democracy has shown that the average man must confront opposing programmes, neither of which he understands, and yet must make up his mind to vote for one of them. While one need not support these opinions, one cannot fail to note that belief in democracy is challenged and that our reactionary ancestors who, a hundred years ago, thought of it much as we now think of Bolshevism, might well now, if they were alive, say "I told you so."

There is a tendency now to praise the past and to deplore the future. A grandfather may look at a young family of grandchildren with dismay; to him they are passing on into a future in which much that now gives value to life may be lacking. He himself may enjoy in his old age an income adequate for simple needs, a comfortable fireside, books, some pictures, above all, per-

haps, security. And now he sees no security for the future. His world has been shattered. He has made losses in his investments. Even a pension from some source "gilt-edged" may not be quite secure. He sees little prospect that any new stable system on lines similar to his can be established—and what are these innocent, unconscious youngsters going to do? Their play, their gaiety, are the product of ignorance. He pities them and wishes they had never been born.

No doubt lack of confidence in regard to the future haunts the mind of the statesman, of the banker, of the leader in industry, of everyone, indeed, who has a stake in society and who tries to think beyond to-day into to-morrow. We are living in new conditions. A great war, unexampled in its brutality, has shown us how fragile is our civilization. Our world is both smaller and larger than that of our ancestors: smaller in that communications are rapid and that the thought of London is known in Moscow or in Calcutta as soon as uttered and that all mankind may ponder the same ideas at the same moment; larger because we are thus in contact with the whole range of human thought. Our modern nationalism confronts the paradox that while, on the economic side, it aims at national self-sufficiency, on the intellectual and spiritual side it can find no enduring barriers to unity of outlook. Even on the physical side there are now few, if any, unexplored realms shrouded in mystery. The whole world is an open book. We can all hear daily of the mysticism of India, of its conflicts about caste. We know a good deal about a politically restless China, face to face with an aggressive neighbour and at the same time living its old life with ancestor-worship as its main social institution and a primitive agriculture as its chief industry. We hear of the barbaric

superstitions of native Africa and of the savage nationalism of a Europe talking always about war. The world has become a single great society, with each part in some measure dependent on all the others.

To-day in this world everything is challenged. Twenty years ago a struggle began in which the leading nations formed two groups, each trying to destroy the other, while in attempting it each all but destroyed itself. They did it with an *abandon* never before known. While war was no new thing, previous wars had never shaken to its foundations the whole fabric of society. The life of the English countryside of Jane Austen's time seems to have been little disturbed by the struggle with Napoleon. The talk in her novels involves, so far as I remember, slight reference to the war with France that lasted for nearly a quarter of a century. The armies of the time were small. It is quite likely that hardly one family in ten in England had a soldier on the fighting front. We know the contrast of our time: compulsory military service; the rationing of food; women by thousands giving direct service in the War and by so doing earning political equality with men; refined ladies washing dishes, scrubbing floors, doing menial work in every department of life; serving by thousands only a little behind the fighting line; learning to do every branch of the work of hospitals; nursing and amusing sick and tired men back to health and a recovered interest in life. Great country-houses were turned into homes for men on leave and for convalescents. Prosperous men hurried to resign their positions in order to go on active service. The war involved the greatest strain ever known on the physical, mental, and financial fabric of the nations.

To us now the inevitable reaction seems to have

been slow in coming. Peace brought a natural exhilaration. Not only did crowds sing and dance. In the relief from strain, they believed that a new era was dawning. It was to mean more than the shallow hope that the world had been saved for democracy, since a good many people believed that there was not much to hope for from democracy. It was to mean a world secure for the well-being of the average man. After the War trade was buoyant. For a time there was hope that every capable man might have his own good job. I was in Lancashire in 1919. There was exultation in the cotton trade. Shares in the industry doubled, trebled in price. In the United States a little later a president hoped that poverty had at last been conquered. We know now that this note was false. The devastating hates that war involves, the slaughter of millions of men, are not likely to lead to a halcyon age. At best this happy period was to be the lot of only the victors. Burdens were to be imposed on the vanquished that should hold them in financial bondage for more than one generation. Vengeance, too, must have its day. The Kaiser was to be hanged and others of his dupes were to be punished. On a proud, an arrogant, nation was to be imposed enduring humiliation. Its diminished territory was to be long occupied and its resources were to be taxed by sums so vast that to-day we may well smile at the credulity that could believe possible of realization the conditions imposed. While no definite limit was placed upon what Germany should pay, sixty thousand million pounds was within the range of what some expected and I have seen an estimate that amounted to six hundred thousand millions. Such was the belief in the possibility of the existing economic system. German trade was somehow to achieve this vast surplus.

We do not merely smile, we are tempted to laugh and jeer, at the *naïveté* of these hopes when we see to-day a Germany struggling to realize a surplus that will enable her to pay even the interest on the debts involved in the reconstruction of her own industries, struggling in vain as I fear and even believe, when her existing economic outlook is taken into account.

Since the peace each exhausted nation has been trying to recover from war's consequences. Each has to meet the paralysis of debt. Each is aiming to secure what it can for itself even if it involves the ruin of its neighbour, a former ally. I have seen Lancashire some years after the War with its smokeless chimneys, while I have seen far away in the East busy factories providing work for many thousands of small, smiling men, our former allies, who know how to make cheap cotton goods and have crippled one of England's greatest industries.

Man has become very powerful. It is hard now to realize that a century ago his maximum speed in travel came from the horse on land and from sails on the sea. The War would have been less disturbing had it not been coincident with profound changes in the economic balance of society, not due to war. It will be many years before we can realize the influence on social and political life of such inventions as the internal-combustion engine, the radio, and the cinema. The last is removing from untravelled rural youth his sense of isolation from the wider world. The village is no longer the limit of what he observes of the realities of life. He sees great military parades. He hears the voice of famous actors and singers nearly as vividly as the sophisticated theatre-goer of London or New York. The influence of the highest drama has reached the remote village. I tend to believe that the effect of the radio will be even greater

than that of the cinema. It brings the best music into the humblest home and helps to purify taste. Through its influence the crowd at the village entertainment are not as likely to applaud its crudities as they were a score of years ago. They, too, have heard good singers and actors and have standards of comparison. The influence of the radio has already affected political life and international relations. A prime minister or a president can now appeal with the living voice to the electors of the nation. The most despotic efforts of the Nazis could not keep foreign opinion from circulating in Germany, and German propaganda by radio from Munich was carried by radio to all parts of Austria with the tragic results that we know.

Most productive of change, perhaps, has been the influence of the internal-combustion engine. It has undermined the old economic system. The railways, a quarter of a century ago perhaps the chief field for the investment of capital, are now fighting for life in a losing competition with transport by motor. The need to improve the highways for this rapid traffic has developed great paving and associated industries, and the cost has added heavily to the outlay by governments and increased taxation. The manufacture of motor-cars has become a great primary industry while the use of motors has stimulated the production of oil on a vast scale. People now travel far by motor who formerly rarely left home.

One of the chief changes in our society is in the position of women. While their services in the War brought them political equality with men, they have advanced to equality in other respects. Woman, so far as I know, is not yet the equal of man in artistic creation and especially in music, but she has entered the field of

literature with such marked success as now almost to command a preference. Since we have women as members of parliament and cabinet ministers, sharing the conflicts of party, they must also share with men the harsh things in that phase of life. On all sides relations between the sexes are freer and in consequence, I believe, more innocent. The oriental seclusion and veiling of women had at its root something more than half indecent. The sexes meet now on equal terms. For the most part they have the same pleasures—tennis, golf, occasionally even cricket and baseball. They reject the restraints of the earlier Puritanism and dance, play cards, go to the theatre, put money on a horse, as men do. If the newly-made male friend is "Jack" instead of "Mr." this does not really matter; it is only a question of fashion in speech. The occupation of chaperonage is, I suspect, nearly extinct and perhaps this is all to the good. Liberty with persons fit for liberty creates its own protection. Freedom can be linked with dignity and propriety. At any rate, some knowledge of social manners and of the relation of the sexes in the age of Queen Elizabeth, of Queen Anne, and of George III does not discourage one in regard to those of our own time. A glance at back numbers of *Punch* will show the advance of common sense in woman's dress. It is hard to realize that, within fairly recent memory, she wore crinoline and bustles and a head-dress hardly surpassed for sheer ugliness. Men cannot claim innocence of equal absurdities. What should we think now of mutton-chop whiskers and of top-hats while playing cricket or golf?

Elderly people and some not elderly are critical of the manners of to-day. It is true that a good many people seem to forget that courtesy and deference are not marks of servility but of gentle culture. More than

half of even our educated classes neglect any training in the use of that most wonderful instrument, the voice. Like our hands and our feet it is one of our endowments most frequently in use. It is the chief means of our communication with each other. Yet its training is almost universally neglected. During more years than I like to remember I had students read to me their essays. Often I wondered at maturity of thought that caused in me doubt whether I could do as well myself. I was less pleased with the actual reading of the essay, for often the tone of the voice was monotonous and throaty, the enunciation and the pronunciation were careless, and proper emphasis on words was lacking. In respect of the need of training the voice, nearly every student was quite unconvinced. Nature had endowed him with a matured gift. I think there is now some improvement but one still suffers from untrained voices, harsh and loud, from the murder of the lessons in church, from the pulpit tone, and from the crudities of the average political speech. Some call it the Canadian voice. Other nations have their own bad voices. What shall we say of the husky voice of the London streets? One difference is, however, that in England educated people are critical of voice and accent while we, as yet, are only slightly conscious of defects in speech.

Since everything is now challenged, this includes religion. Not being a philosopher I have found some ease of mind on the subject in Goethe's saying that "the Christian religion has nothing to do with philosophy. . . . It is raised high above all philosophy and needs no support from it. . . . It is always best to say what we believe straight out without trying to prove it; all the proofs we might bring are only so many variations of our belief." No matter how wonderful the achievements

of science, it cannot explain the purpose of life. We are what we are. Both the sorrow and the joy of life are laid upon us. We can only accept them within the range of our powers. We have reason and we have instinct. Instinct may be deeper than reason and most of us have the instinct of the "categorical imperative" that requires us to follow what is right. We do not know by instinct what is right. Reason must interpret the duty but the duty lies beyond reason. The Christian finds this enlightenment in the character of Christ whose teaching satisfies his moral instincts. A great Indian teacher said that he was converted to Christianity by the beauty of Christ's saying, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." Christ did not teach that this world was to be a scene of perfected blessedness, but rather that it was to be one where goodness should be reviled; where the righteous should be persecuted; where there should be such misuse of power that special reward was promised to those who should show mercy; where war should be a danger and the peacemakers blessed; and where sorrow should have the easement of promised comfort for those that mourn. We can say of the teaching this, at least, that it fits in with the facts of life, whether the promised rewards are realized or not.

Religion is, however, more than a system of ethics. It is concerned with the structure of the universe—the vast universe in which there are great moving bodies as numerous as the sands on the sea-shore, while among them our own is one of the smallest. We may well wonder at our littleness. Yet mere size seems to have slight significance in the universe. Vast potencies are found by physicists in the tiny grain of matter. The all but invisible germ of human life contains both the mental

and the physical endowments of its parentage. I am not dismayed by either littleness or vastness. It may be only our finite outlook that contrasts them. I am concerned with the meaning of it all and here I stand before mystery. I suspect that perhaps most often in the serious thought of to-day is this sense of mystery. Matter is deeply mysterious. "What is ultimate in it?" I asked an eminent physicist, and his reply was "Motion." So there I am in my ignorance. For myself I find courage and hope in the Christian conception that behind motion is motive and that the motive of the master-mind is love: "As His majesty is so is His mercy."

Although the teaching of Christ implied a harsh world, no living person could have imagined the massed beastliness of the struggle that began in 1914. The flower of youth fought in the trenches and were killed in thousands by other youth, while at the same time these foes had no reason to hate and kill each other. They were not critical of the reasons of state that had brought them into conflict. They were only obeying a call of duty that, if need be, they must die for their country. Many of them came to think that in a world governed by a beneficent power no such horror could have found place. Many others clung to the religion taught by the historic churches. Others believed that they could speak to their beloved dead. Some believed that visible angels guided the British in their retreat from Mons. Hopes created incidents that had no real existence: many trains of Russians passed from north to south of Great Britain to save the War on the fields of Flanders. In Canada similar thousands crossed from the Pacific to the Atlantic for the same purpose.

The War interrupted old formal habits. It is rarer

to-day than it was twenty years ago to see the head leading his family to church on a Sunday morning. No doubt something is lost. But perhaps also something is gained. Since the War brought reality, I suspect that there is now in the minds of the adult generation a note more searching and more sincere than that of twenty years ago. No doubt an age that has found so many avenues of pleasure is too apt to be absorbed in them. If, however, there is little sense of mystery in the thought of those who rush about in motors and throng the tennis-courts and the golf-links, there is, I believe, a deeper sense of duty. Now all but extinct is the young lady whose education was "finished" at eighteen and who then waited at home for her marriage. Many of these now look for jobs exactly as do their brothers, engage in works for social betterment, and exercise in politics influence backed up by the vote. Sometimes I wonder a little how, since they hold positions formerly held by men, the man will be able to find employment that will make possible his taking a bride and making a home.

Is a great European war imminent? Time has brought on accumulation of evils in the relations of the peoples that makes them the victims of blind passions. We are able now to read secret memoirs of the period in Europe prior to 1914. War is in them so much the prevailing topic that one rather wonders at its not coming earlier. And the talk to-day in Europe is still of war. But war is remote, for the nations now know what it means. The Far East is another matter. We in the West cannot estimate the forces gathering there. It was an untoward incident that precipitated in Europe the Great War and such an incident may, of course, happen at any time. Europe has, however, assuredly learned some-

thing. Probably recent terrible events in Germany and Austria have eased the situation in regard to the prospect of war. While one's sporting spirit, if one may use a term so frivolous, makes one desire to be entirely fair to a vanquished Germany, in crisis after crisis she shows the ineptitude of her leaders and the political incapacity of her people. The other day the despot of Germany took a direct and personal part in the assassination of former colleagues and of his own predecessor as chancellor of the German Empire. One wonders if anyone has reminded the German chancellor that the murder of the Bourbon prince, the Duc d'Enghien, was one of the chief causes of the fall of Napoleon ten years later. Hitler as murderer has forfeited the confidence of the finest elements in Europe and an age more enlightened than that of Napoleon will not forgive him. Whatever his seeming immediate success, he is branded forever.

The outcome of these excesses makes for peace. Europe will not trust Germany. In 1914 she had some friends. Now literally she has not one—and she knows what defeat means. France is the strongest armed power in Europe and passionately desires peace. She has reached an agreement with Germany as to the method by which the Saar, now ruled under the League of Nations, may decide its own future as German, or French, or independent. Russia, faced by danger from Japan in the East, is coming rapidly into friendly relations with Western Europe. The Balkan States are making with each other pacts that aim at peace. Poland and Germany have bound themselves to peaceful relations for at least ten years so that the so-called Polish Corridor that separates East Prussia from the rest of Germany is not likely to cause war. In view of all this and more of a similar nature, from what quarter is war in Europe likely

to come? The truth is that the War cured Europe of megalomania. Only eccentric persons, or a deluded nation, can think now of any one dominant power there. The vital talk is of equality, not of mastery.

There is nothing new under the sun and we shall shape our future the more wisely if we listen to voices from the past. It is measurably true that despair about to-day is due to ignorance about yesterday. A survey of the past reveals the melancholy truth that no complete cure has yet been found for the ills and distresses that have come to every form of human society. Probably we are cleaner, healthier, more instructed in outlook than was any previous generation, but this may call chiefly for the comment that after many centuries man has made only a beginning in wisdom. There is much to-day in the government of nations to discourage optimism. But there is no need to despair. It is deplorable and heart-breaking that, even in our own thinly-peopled country, with vast resources, many are suffering for the necessaries of life. It is sad to think of children hungry, ill-clad, and cold, in our severe winter. While the history of Canada is too short to have as yet definite phases of evolution that permit of comparisons, we can find these in England. Would we exchange the to-day of England for its yesterday? Never before has our society been so conscious of its ills and never before has there been so insistent a demand for their cure. In no previous period in history has there been such widespread effort to ease the misery of poverty.

In the early days of Queen Elizabeth, when England had only three million people, there was acute distress and this lack of means at home was one of the causes of the adventurous spirit of Englishmen. This result is to

the good. We are infants in political corruption compared with England in the time of Pepys, when, almost invariably, someone had to be paid in money if an office was to be secured. The English roads were all but impassable to carriages and there were on them horrible things. Pepys, riding to London, passed under a corpse on a gibbet at Shooters Hill and thought it a "filthy sight." The streets of modern London have things distressing enough, but they have no foulness like that of Dr. Johnson's day: putrid drainage and evil smells; diseased, blinking misery, creeping out of hovels; fights in streets or crowded courts, watched with delight by women and children; brutal surgery and fantastic medicine; religious fanaticism with riots that threatened to destroy London in 1780; actual death in London by starvation of many people in every month. I should not like to see women whipped through the streets at the cart's tail as they were even in Canada about a century ago. I have no desire to stand in a crowd to watch a hanging as did Johnson's biographer Boswell, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Boswell even rode to the scaffold in the cart with the criminal. The humiliation of being in need in that harsh age and the misery of being ill with its cures of blood-letting and purging need not be borne to-day by the humblest of us.

Peasant life in England had remained little changed until the dawn of the nineteenth century. The average man who tilled the soil lived in a small cottage of one storey with an earthen floor and under a thatched roof. There were often no window and no chimney; the dark and smoky atmosphere was relieved only by opening the door. The same roof covered the beasts whose warmth was welcome in cold weather. A table, benches, and cupboards were the furniture, with a large bed on which the

whole family slept on straw. The chief food was porridge and rye bread, with, on the better days, cheese or fat bacon. There were no schools for the children, except a few kept up by private efforts; the great mass of the people were illiterate. Naturally, contagious diseases carried off many and so prevented over-population. Movement for all but a few was so slight that in one village the inhabitants of another, twenty miles away, were spoken of as "foreigners." The lack of movement continued so long that even some twenty odd years ago when I walked from Lyme Regis in Dorset to a village across the bay with the charming name of Whitchurch Canonicorum and, turning back, asked a labourer in a field whether I could reach Lyme Regis, in full view from where we stood, by another route than that by which I had come, his answer was: "I don't know, I ain't never been to Lyme Regis but I have always intended to go since the new railway was put in." On inquiry I found that the railway had come some twenty years earlier!

No doubt to-day liberty is receiving blows that may seem destructive. It is widely believed that, having been tried, it has failed and is now suffering eclipse. Nation after nation is turning from it to Caesarism. Experience, so it is said, has proved that the masses of mankind must always obey and serve the few who secure power and hold it by relentless methods. "Justice and the will of Hitler are one and the same thing," said General Göring of the murders in Germany on June 30, in which Hitler took a personal part. Only one thing matters—"whether Hitler has confidence in us: if he takes away his confidence, we fall. Adolf Hitler is Germany." Man, another tells us, is a beast of prey. Human society involves a ruthless struggle in which the

weak are not to be saved by artificial means, by pensions, or by care for their health, but, when useless, are to be allowed to die. War is a normal, necessary condition of human life. Peace means deterioration, and so on. Thus the modern writer, Spengler. Is his view sane or fantastic?

The truth is that liberty (I speak of political liberty) is not on the run and is not decaying in any country where it has had time to take root. There it is stronger perhaps than ever, because men see what its loss has brought to other nations. Liberty has proved weak in countries where it had no natural growth. Even France, which yet remains a free country, has had the liberty of the present republic for only about sixty years in succession to the despotism of the second empire. Though Germany long had intellectual freedom, she has never had the liberty that gave the masses of the people political power. After 1871 the new Kingdom of Italy, just freed from a variety of despotisms, attempted government on the British model, but these institutions had no root in Italian life and now we have Fascism, despotic like the earlier governments in Italy and probably more efficient than any previous rule. Liberty prevails, however, in all parts of the British Empire, one-quarter of the world. Even in India, a country, be it remembered, held by conquest, speech and action are free so long as the law is respected. Liberty holds in Switzerland, in northern Europe, west of Russia and Germany,—in Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and Scandinavia. In all these continental countries there is the liberty to decide by votes of the people the policy of the government and with this to change, if need be, the personnel of the ministry. There is liberty in most of the two American continents, though it must be ad-

mitted that in some republics, with a lack of training in liberty, it is too often marred by sporadic revolution. In the United States despotic powers, within strict limitations, have been given to the president and some regard this as the abandonment of liberty. On the contrary, it is one of its manifestations. In an emergency the people have deputed powers to the head of the state. They were not forced to do it; there were no machine guns nor midnight murders; the press remained free; no one was sent to prison; speech and action were not restrained. A free people has vindicated its freedom by wise action in an emergency. All has been done by due process of law. When the emergency passes, the nation will resume the powers delegated.

Our age has eased the burden of labour though unhappily this has involved unemployment. Tasks that formerly might have required a hundred or even a thousand men are now performed by perhaps half-a-dozen. Man has harnessed nature to do the rough work that once cost brutalizing toil. We have through him surgery that abolishes pain, knowledge that has revealed secrets of the human body and eased or even annihilated diseases. When I remember this and much else, I come to think it blasphemy to imagine that labours so wonderful cannot go on into fields where they may ease the ills of man in society and make him the helpful neighbour to his fellows. Toil in laboratories has made man self-conscious about nature's wonders. Now has come the time when this trained insight shall be turned on the needs of human society whose members have brought nature to heel. In view of what man has done, is there room for despair in regard to what he may do?

No doubt the present state of society brings pain to those who hoped for a millenium after the War. Mil-

leniums do not, however, come in this scene of life. Our world is, and always will be, like a great factory where, amid noise and dust and waste, obstinate material is shaped into what serves needed ends, and where, in spite of the clamour, effort, guided by purpose, causes things useful and beautiful to appear. Everyone of, at any rate, the higher forms in the animal world that we know has to make active and often ingenious effort to secure a livelihood and we cannot abolish this law from the world of man. It is vain to hope for a scene in which there will be no competition, if only for position, and no struggle, if only for leadership. Competition and struggle give human life, perhaps, its most fascinating aspect, as witness the many pages in our newspapers devoted to competitive sport. It is this spirit, or the pressure of need, that causes the greater part of the indolent human race to use and develop its powers, and we know how backward is the society if such a stimulus is lacking.

There are signs of economic recovery, in which probably Great Britain and Canada are in the lead. It is foolish to rate this too highly. Great Britain has still the half ruin of her cotton and of her ship-building industry. She has a vast population still out of work and injured by the deterioration in character involved in idleness. In Canada our resources are strained by the need to care for the unemployed. Unlike England, whose one foreign debt, the War-debt to the United States, may be counted as cancelled, we have to pay vast sums to outside creditors. We are fortunate in being the heirs of British precedents and traditions. Ours is the only great empire that has never had revolution in which the structure of society was altered. True we have had an Oliver Cromwell and a William of Orange;

but, though land was confiscated in Cromwellian times, the new owners continued the old traditions of landlord and tenant, and while the Dutch king drove out his Stuart father-in-law and in this sense brought revolution, he made no alterations in the social structure.

Yet, is it true that in results, at least, the English have been a revolutionary people. No other nation has made such profound and enduring readjustments. Revolutionary France is still in social habits one of the most conservative countries in the world. Italy and Germany still have the despotic Roman type of rule of twenty centuries ago, something hardly known in our history: even Henry VIII, though a despot, had to use a parliament. Russia has a despotism following a previous despotism. Even the United States, in connection with which pessimism is likely in the end to prove mistaken, has not readjusted its mode of government to changed conditions and is now hampered by a constitution out of date by a century. The British, for their part, have so completed change that despotic monarchy has been revolutionized into probably the most complete democracy of our time. This is due to a long stable growth. Early in the eighteenth century Voltaire contrasted rank in France with rank in England. In France a noble who was proud to play the part of a valet in aiding the king to dress, would also scorn the remotest connection with trade, while in England Voltaire found that a Lord Townshend and an Earl of Oxford had brothers in trade and were not ashamed of the tie. Perhaps the climate of England, which is none too good and none too bad, makes for moderation and softens even class pride. At any rate, England has now a democracy, and yet, in spite of executing one king and dethroning another in

good revolutionary style, still clings to monarchy with mystic devotion.

It has been said of the English that they let the nature of things guide them, while other nations in Europe start with an idea and try to force it on others. To have an idea is admirable; it so works in our subconsciousness during the silent watches of the night that in the morning what was hazy has become clear. But we still need to test its meaning in practice. This the English have usually done. Perhaps they are not a nation brilliant in ideas. They have not given the world staggering inspirations in thought. Often they have seemed to lag while others moved. They have, in truth, taken time to let nature—human nature—do its work, and, on the whole, they have made far-reaching change with a minimum of friction. Accordingly their changes seem like a natural growth while those in other nations seem often to be due to earthquake.

Summing up, one may say that man, having done so much, having passed from savagery to the complexity of our modern age, can solve the problem of bringing the benefits of his insight to the human race as a whole and not merely to the happier section of it. We shall never go back from the complex to the simple life. I hear sometimes, in the form of complaint, that our generation is being over-educated. I hope this is true, if education is taken to mean not achievements of memory but disciplined insight and accurate judgment, no matter how acquired. It is not so very distressing to think that the man who is educated to qualify as a lawyer, a doctor, or, shall one say, a statesman, has to find the means to live by working a farm or making agricultural implements or automobiles. He will do all the better work

with his hands for being educated, and the educated farmer is as useful as the educated lawyer or doctor. The spread of education has brought this result, that the daily reading of most people tends to be on the same level. I once asked the son of a former viceroy of India what, apart from official work, his father read, and his reply was the daily newspaper and not much else, which, I suspect, is about what the average person does. The newspapers may, of course, vary in type, but it is still true that reading centres in passing events. While we may deplore the neglect of books, it is, at any rate, clear that equality of outlook is increasing, something of good omen for the reconciliation of classes. No millenium is coming on this earth, except the millenium in a man's own heart, that he is trying to give to society all that goodwill can perform, with that dominant motive in the teaching of Christ—to love your neighbour as yourself.

BRITISH TROPICAL AFRICA

R. COUPLAND

I

CONSTITUTIONAL developments in the Commonwealth of Nations and in India have occupied so much of the public stage since the War that the main facts and problems of those two sections of the British Empire are relatively well understood. But there is a third section which is not so often in the limelight and about which most people in Great Britain know little and most people in the Dominions (so I am told) know scarcely anything at all. Yet it is a world in itself, this "Colonial" or "Dependent" Empire: it covers more than three million square miles, a bigger space than Europe; it contains over sixty million inhabitants, six times the population of Canada; and among them are representatives of most of the varied races which make up mankind—white men, black men, brown men, yellow men, Europeans, Africans, Arabs, Indians, Malays, Chinese, Polynesians. Scattered over continents and oceans, its manifold and diverse communities have nothing to unite them, nothing in which they all share, except their common allegiance to the British crown or their common subjection in different degrees and ways to the ultimate control of the British parliament.

It is this part of the Empire with which our young post-War critics are apt to be most impatient. They can tolerate the Commonwealth. They can appreciate the meaning of our connection with India. But as regards our so-called "tropical possessions" the old prejudices die hard. Many high-minded people are still inclined to

regard these "colonies" of browns or blacks in much the same light as Cobden regarded white colonies in Canada and elsewhere a century ago—as disreputable relics of the *ancien régime.* You remember how Cobden, writing in 1836—he was then just thirty-two—classed the colonies with the army and navy, the church, and the corn laws as "impurities" belonging to "aristocratic government" of which John Bull had got to "purge his house." For "aristocratic" read "capitalistic," and the old claptrap seems curiously modern. But the reiteration of other and older people's formulas can scarcely be congenial to the rising generation; and for this section of the Empire, as much as for the others or more so, they will want, I expect, to examine the facts afresh and to ask those primary questions—what *is* it and what is it *for*?

II

To deal with those questions, except in very general terms, over the whole field of the Colonial Empire would be impossible in a single article: so I propose to limit myself to one part of it—the group of territories under British rule in mid-Africa, that huge belt of country between the Sahara and the Zambesi. Conditions in that part, of course, are different from conditions in other parts: it is Africa, the others are not; but, since they are all (except the naval stations like Gibraltar, Malta, or the Falkland Islands, which are a class by themselves and need not concern us now) in tropical or sub-tropical areas, all inhabited mainly by coloured and politically more or less backward peoples, and all under British rule, the dominant facts and ideas about them are broadly the same. The situation in British Malaya is not so very unlike that in British Tropical Africa. Though more than

gulfs of space divide them, British rule in Nigeria or the Sudan cannot be something quite different in principle from British rule in Fiji or Ceylon. If, therefore, I attempt an interpretation only of that African part of the Colonial Empire, it can be applied, in essentials and *mutatis mutandis*, to the whole.

What, then, *is* British Tropical Africa? In the west, it consists of the Colonies of Nigeria, Gold Coast, Sierra Leone, and Gambia, with adjacent protectorates and strips of mandated territory. In the centre of the continent, secluded from the sea, there are in the north the Sudan (which is under an Anglo-Egyptian *condominium*) and the Uganda Protectorate; and in the south the Protectorates of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. In East Africa there are Kenya Colony, the Kenya, Somaliland and Zanzibar Protectorates, and the Mandated Territory of Tanganyika. The total area of all these units together is roughly two and a half million square miles, and their total population roughly forty-five million. But they do not constitute a single connected area like India. The West African section is divided in itself and cut off from the central and eastern sections by territories under French and Belgian rule; but all the rest except Somaliland is contiguous; the eastern section links the two central sections; the spread of British rule, mandatory or otherwise, is unbroken from the upper Nile to the upper Zambesi.

The form of government in all this area is more or less uniform. It is what is called "crown colony government," which, as everyone knows, was the kind of government with which most of the white colonies of the Empire began their political life and under which, roughly speaking, British India was still living some thirty years ago. Each territory has its governor, who represents the king

and whose authority cannot be questioned by anyone within it. For executive purposes he is advised, but cannot be overridden, by an executive council, usually constituted of officials only, and his orders are carried out by a civil service, in which the higher posts are mostly recruited from Britain but to some extent also from the Dominions. For making laws the governor is advised by a legislative council, which consists partly of officials and partly of unofficial members nominated by the governor. In Kenya, Northern Rhodesia, Nigeria, and the Gold Coast, in addition to the nominated members there are other unofficial members elected by constituencies. But in every legislative council the officials are in a majority, and they are bound to vote, if need be, as the governor bids them. Clumsy as it may seem, this official majority is a vital element in the whole system. It is essential that the governor's will should in the last resort prevail in everything, not indeed in order to make him an unfettered autocrat but on the contrary to make him an effective instrument of another and, paradoxically enough at first sight, a democratic authority. The sovereign of British Tropical Africa is the king-in-parliament; it is parliament's will that must prevail; and this would not be achieved if the governor were not free to carry out the orders of parliament's agent, the secretary of state for the colonies, who drafts the governor's commission and instructions, supervises, directs, or vetoes his policy, and can advise his dismissal as he advises his appointment.

This "crown colony government" is in force throughout the area with a few exceptions or modifications. In the administration of the mandated territories—Tanganyika, Togoland, and the Cameroons (of which the two latter are united for governmental purposes with the Gold Coast and Nigeria)—the freedom of the governor, as of the

secretary of state and parliament above him, is limited by the specific obligations of the mandate, for the due fulfilment of which the British government has to render account every year to the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations. In one or two protectorates such as Northern Nigeria or Ashanti the governor legislates without a council. In the Sudan the governor-general is appointed by, and responsible to, the British and Egyptian governments jointly, and is advised both for executive and for legislative puposes by a single council.

So much for the system of government. It is not a perfect system, and there are some who think that it calls for reconsideration and reform: but it is reasonably efficient and not ill-staffed. Our critics are not likely to grudge the tribute which is paid by everyone who knows them and has seen them at work to the honesty and energy and public spirit of the Colonial Services. But do these zealous officials realize, the critics ask, what they are doing? They keep the peace, they try to deal justly with the native peoples, they wish them to be contented; but for what other purpose than to smooth the profitable path of British trade? They attend to their wards' material needs, they try to improve their environment and protect them from disease; but is it because the welfare of these poor Africans is an end in itself, or are they only being multiplied and fattened up to be more productive serfs of European capitalism? Is it pretended that we went into Africa or are staying there now for anybody's advantage but our own? Are not the only really candid people those who for fifty years past have described these tropical countries as "our imperial estates," to be exploited for the profit of those who "possess" them? Is not all the talk about "trusteeship" merely *camouflage* or cant?

III

Some of those questions are answered by history. Since the days of the abolition of the British slave-trade and of British slavery, the humanitarian tradition has been a persistent and potent factor in all our dealings with backward races. Consider the extraordinary power which Wilberforce and "the Saints" exercised over parliament and public opinion. Consider the significance of Livingstone—his whole-hearted devotion to the Africans, his immense prestige in Britain, his triple doctrine of Christianity, commerce, and colonization as the means of civilizing Africa. Read the record of territorial expansion, and observe, as you will, that in almost every case, though economic interest was never, of course, forgotten, the factors which decided reluctant British governments to occupy and annex the country were not primarily economic. There was first the certainty that, if Britain did not do it, a rival nation would, and I suggest a pause for candid thought before you execrate that motive. Secondly, there was the conviction that only by the establishment of European control could the natives of the country be rescued from slave-raiding and slave-trading and the endless disorder and destruction caused thereby. It is true, of course, that the process of occupation entailed the use of force—more force, perhaps, than would have been wanted if we had known then as much as we know now about African customs and ideas—but, except when it was resisted by relatively strong and well-organized armies like those of the Khalifa or King Prempeh, the actual bloodshed was very slight. It is true, again, that during or after occupation in certain cases grave injustice was done to native rights; but, if you look at the field as a whole, you will find that those cases

occurred only in the relatively very small area which was suitable for European settlement.

But to assert that British rule in Tropical Africa was not precipitated solely by material greed, that on the whole it was humanely established, that on the whole it has been justly exercised, is not, of course, to deny the existence and persistence of the economic motive. Europe demands the economic development of Africa. Europe desires its copper, its tin, its gold. Europe can scarcely do without its cocoa, coffee, rubber, cotton, vegetable oils, fruits, cereals. And Europe greatly needs its market for manufactured goods, a market already substantial but capable of almost indefinite expansion. Nor is Europe only in the picture. America and Asia are scarcely less concerned in tropical exploitation. No more than the other continents can Africa escape from the economic network which now binds all the world together. But, while I admit that the economic development of Africa is inevitable, I do not for a moment abandon the principle of "trusteeship." The admission defines the trustee's duty. It is our business to see to it that economic development does no more injury to Africa than it has done to Europe. Wisely planned, firmly controlled, it might well do less!

IV

But the economic interrelationship of Africa and Europe is only part of a wider problem. In many other places than the mine-fields and plantations, in many other ways than the intercourse of trade, European civilization is "up against" African life. On the result of that contact or conflict *as a whole* the fate of Africa depends. And one cannot indulge in any casual or complacent optimism about it. If the process were more

gradual, it might seem less risky: there would be more time to study and perhaps to regulate it. But the dominant, the unprecedented aspect of it is its speed, a speed still increasing year by year. No more than half a century ago the map of all midland Africa was only just beginning to be filled in by the intrepid explorations of Livingstone and his contemporaries. There were no roads, still less, of course, a railway: nothing but native footpaths winding from village to village through the "bush." Movement was infinitely slow. Goods were transported almost exclusively on human heads. But now the whole vast area is intersected by a network of roads, good, bad, and indifferent, but mostly capable of carrying motor-cars and lorries except in the rainy season. A few years ago I motored over ground in Tanganyika and Northern Rhodesia in less than six days which sixty years ago took Livingstone more than six months to cover. And, of course, there are railways now, thousands of miles of them, from the coast on east and west to the very heart of the continent, with their sleeping-cars and dining-cars and long lines of goods-waggons. And for passengers, if not yet for goods, there are swifter means of transport than the rail. Every important African centre can now be reached by air. It takes only a week to fly right down the backbone of the continent from Cairo to the Cape. . . . And it is only half a century or so since Livingstone was asking that Africa should be "opened up"!

By all these means of transport Europe has descended upon Africa. In 1873 only a minute minority of mid-Africans away from the coast had ever seen a white man. To-day there is an equally minute minority that has not at one time or another enjoyed or suffered that experience. European merchants, in big trade and small, are coming and going everywhere. In one or two highland areas

European colonists have come to stay. The whole land is dotted with European missions. And omnipresent ever, whether herded with their files in an imposing urban secretariat or speeding singly about their rural "districts," revolving the wheels of government, tax-collecting, keeping the peace, judging, supervising, teaching, healing, surveying, building, researching, are the European officials in their thousands. Nor, of course, is it only by direct contact that this great alien invasion impinges on the African. Stories of the white men pass from mouth to mouth—their bearing and behaviour, their strange ideas, the meaning of their presence in the country: and it is easy nowadays for the native who has learnt his lesson in a European town or on a European farm to pass it on to the villagers at home. It is not only the white man who moves more quickly now in Africa. Not long ago most natives spent their lives within a narrow circle round the village: but now thousands of natives own bicycles, and many own cars; and those who cannot afford such luxuries may be seen packed tight and careering at reckless speed down the roads in the covered motor-lorries which are increasingly playing the part in Africa of the ubiquitous motor-omnibus in Europe.

Directly and indirectly, then, the African is being confronted with European civilization in most of its diverse aspects. He observes its virtues and its vices, its energy, its forethought, its self-control, its persistence, its zest for individual responsibility, its loyalties and disloyalties to its Christian faith, its arrogance, its stolidity, its hardness, its greed. He sees the church, the school, the race-course, the cinema, the gin-shop. He hears a multitude of doctrines, all of them, high or low, alike in their conflict with the traditional ideas which have hitherto ruled his life. His mind is stirred as it has never been stirred before in

the history of his race. Ancient custom is no longer quite so sacrosanct. He dreams new dreams of what he might make of his life. And inevitably these new ambitions, at any rate in the young, are imitative. What must impress the African most is not the goodness or the badness of white men, but simply their power, their magical mastery of nature, their irresistible mechanical force, and the wealth they have attained thereby. If Africans could learn to think and act as those white men do, might not they too become like gods?

There, it seems to many who know Africa, the greatest danger lies. It is bad enough that the African should so easily acquire our vices: it would be tragic if he suffered also from a too hasty and indiscriminate attempt to assimilate what he thinks to be our virtues. Christianity itself cannot lightly, in a moment, be so well digested as to provide as strong and lasting sanctions as the old beliefs, however primitive or superstitious. Education can as easily unfit a man as fit him for the life he has to lead. Social and political ideas and institutions which flourish on British soil may lose their practical value if too thoughtlessly or hurriedly transplanted to the tropics. Is it not possible that too swift and drastic a process of assimilation might disintegrate the whole traditional basis of African society without providing a firm or durable substitute and so leave the native, deracinated and unbalanced, with no solid ground to stand on as the steadily mounting tide from the outer world sweeps over Africa?

V

Fortunately this danger has been detected, and a policy has been framed to meet it—a policy which seems to me to find its natural place in the general readjustment of the Empire to suit the conditions of this post-War age.

Its central idea is to try to keep the African rooted in Africa and to help him to become the best possible kind of African, not something half-and-half or hybrid, still less a synthetic European. Do not misinterpret that idea. It does not imply any futile attempt to shut out European influences. The African will get what he wants from Europe by hook or by crook whatever we do or leave undone. Our task is to make it as easy as we can for him to want and to get the best that Europe can give him, and, meantime, to help him, wherever possible, to retain what is best in his African birthright and to deepen and enrich it so that it can absorb the new and alien elements without losing its own natural strength and value. To change the metaphor, it is not a matter of planting a new tree roots and all, but of feeding and pruning an old tree and grafting new shoots on its stem. Nor, again, does our central idea imply an effort to impose on Africans what we happen to think is good for them whether they like it or not. Nothing effective can be done without the consent, the cordial agreement rather, of African opinion. Already, indeed, it appears that some of the West African *intelligentzia* suspect our motives and imagine that we want to hold them down to their African past, almost to keep them primitive, for fear they become too much like ourselves and challenge our superiority! But I do not think that such distrust will last. I believe the more thoughtful African will understand what we are after: and, if he understands, can he fail to approve? His native instinct, his love of all that Africa means to him, his natural pride of race will compel approval.

Until a recent date education in British Tropical Africa was not very different in aim and matter from education in England. Above the elementary stage,

where the teaching was necessarily in the native tongue and the subjects of the simplest, it concerned itself, broadly speaking, with the rudiments of European culture. It taught the African to speak, read, and write English. It provided him with what he could digest of an English schoolboy's fare, mostly by means of English text-books written from the English standpoint. It was, with a few notable exceptions, a literary, not a vocational education; and, while it fitted Africans for a limited field of life-work, in backward areas to be clerks in government departments or business-offices, in advanced areas to be lawyers and journalists and schoolmasters, it did not fit them, it often unfitted them, for the life which the vast majority of them would have to lead—in the villages, on the farm, in the workshop. It tended, therefore, to create a similar class of literate unemployed to that which a similar concentration on literary and English culture has created in India. It tended, also, to foster that break with nature and the past, that deracination, which I mentioned above. The new policy seeks to avoid that danger. I must be content to quote a summary definition of it from the memorandum drafted by the Advisory Committee on African Education at the Colonial Office:

> Education should be adapted to the mentality, aptitudes, occupations and traditions of the various peoples, conserving as far as possible all sound and healthy elements in the fabric of their social life; adapting them where necessary to changed circumstances and progressive ideas. . . . Its aim should be to render the individual more efficient in his or her condition of life, whatever it may be, and to promote the advancement of the community as a whole through the improvement of agriculture, the development of native industries, the improvement of health, the training of the people in the management of their own affairs, and the inculcation of true ideals of citizenship and service.

That statement was made ten years ago, and much has been done in the interval to put its principles into practice in the readjustment of curricula, the training of teachers, the composition of new text-books, and so forth. Professional critics may even grumble that the new doctrine has been a little overstressed. But that fault, if it exists, is on the right side, and already a useful corrective is observable in the attention now being given not only to saving the best of what is African but to discovering the most effective methods of "getting across" the psychological gulf between black and white the best of what is European.

But the most striking application of the principle of an "African society" is in the political field and is known as "indirect rule"—a method of government which is now in operation in the greater part of British Tropical Africa. It originated in no sudden inspiration. It had nothing to do with theories or principles. It was just a practical contrivance for meeting the needs of time and place. When the territories were first occupied, it was obvious at the outset that the British occupants, who were now responsible for their administration, could not possibly undertake it all themselves. The area to be administered was far too vast. It would have needed a host of officials and a huge revenue to pay them. Inevitably, therefore, the aid of the native inhabitants was enlisted for the task; and where, as in Northern Nigeria or Uganda, an organized system of native government existed, attracting the natural or traditional loyalty of the people, this system was maintained under the supervision, guidance, and, at need, control of British officials. In other areas where there was no large-scale political organization but only a congeries of more or less independent tribes, this "indirect" method seemed at first inapplicable. In such

areas, therefore, government was more completely centralized. The major functions of administration, including all finance, were kept in the hands of British "district officers," who gave orders to the tribal chiefs. But, observe, even under this "direct rule," the chief was a necessary part of the system, if only as a channel for communicating the government's will to the tribe and helping to get it executed. And in such an area as south-east Nigeria, where political organization was confined to groups of villages or clans or families and there were no tribal chiefs, the office was artificially created by the appointment under warrant of the native who seemed most suitable. So far, it may be said, policy has been dictated by convenience: it was a matter of improvization to meet the immediate need of efficient administration. It was not till a later stage that, under the impact of the War and of developments in India and East Africa, the new ideas of an African society emerged; and then it seemed clear that, whereas indirect rule accorded with those ideas, direct rule did not. The north Nigerian emirates, the Kingdom of Buganda, these were African institutions, capable under careful supervision and encouragement of preserving and strengthening the political capacity of the people, deepening their sense of public responsibility, and developing in course of time on natural lines to accord with the growth of education and progressive ideas of government. But the "direct" method seemed to lead in the opposite direction. Chiefs under a British official's orders would be necessarily regarded not as the trustees of African tradition, interpreting their people's laws and customs and commanding their innate respect, but as the instruments of an alien and unnatural authority; and they themselves and their advisers among the people, possessing no real power in any but minor matters, would

tend steadily to lose their sense of responsibility, their initiative, even in the end their interest in public affairs. Direct rule, moreover, however hard its British agents tried to understand the Africans, was bound to be on British lines, and would, therefore, tend in the long run to wean the natives' minds from African ideas and institutions and push them, as their education deepened, kindling new desires, along the uncertain path of political imitation.

In the last few years, accordingly, an attempt has been made to convert direct rule in the tribal or unorganized areas into indirect, first by making sure, as far as possible, that the chief is in fact the rightful ruler by native custom and where necessary (as in south-east Nigeria) restoring in place of the chief we had artificially created the old traditional governing body, and then widening the powers and responsibilities of those truly "native authorities" to the fullest practicable limit.

VI

To anyone who has never been in Africa, the last few pages must have seemed somewhat academic and unsubstantial. Let me try, therefore, to give a concrete illustration. And for locality I will choose Tanganyika Territory because I was able myself to observe the new policy in operation there five years ago.

In Tanganyika the contrast between the new policy and the old is sharpened by the change-over from German to British control. The German government found the occupation and pacification of the country no easy task. For some twenty out of the thirty years of its rule there was constant fighting. As a result many of the chiefs were deposed or executed, and over a large part of the

country the tribal system was broken up. Where it survived in strength, the Germans governed through it. But elsewhere they acquiesced in the collapse of tribalism—in some cases they confirmed it by splitting up tribal areas into different administrative districts—and governed "directly" through native agents or Akidas, chosen for their personal capacity without regard to their previous standing among the people. The British policy, inaugurated by Sir Donald Cameron in 1925, aimed, on the other hand, at trying to save and revive what was left of the old tribal system. Careful inquiry revealed that in most cases the chiefs deposed by the Germans, or their heirs, had still commanded in hiding or retirement the furtive allegiance of their tribesmen. When their restoration was suggested and the ideas behind it explained, the general satisfaction—to put it mildly—was unquestionable. "The people conceive," to quote an early official report, "that the policy of indirect rule implies that they are to be governed by their traditional rulers, and they will have none other." So far, so good. The next step was to endow these chiefs-in-council (for nowhere in Africa is monarchy absolute) with the requisite powers of local self-government more or less on the lines of the first edition of indirect rule as established in Northern Nigeria or Uganda. Education, medical and veterinary services, roads and buildings, agricultural development, afforestation, anti-tsetse and anti-vermin operations—these "departments" were established, on a local scale, of course, and subject to the supervision and assistance of the government departments operating in the territory as a whole with their staffs of British officials. Secondly, since in African tradition executive and judicial functions are seldom separated, the chief-in-council was constituted a "native court" with authority to try cases below the

major level of importance in accordance with native law and custom—its decisions, again, being subject to scrutiny by the British district officer and to the right of appeal to his and higher courts. Thirdly, while the power of taxation was at present reserved to the territorial government, a fraction of the taxes it levied on the people concerned—on the average about a quarter—was deposited, together with the yield of sundry local fees, in the "native treasury" at the disposal of the local authority for the payment of fixed salaries to the chiefs (in lieu of the old irregular tribal tribute) and to the other administrative and judicial personnel, and to meet the cost of the local services. Let me quote you some items from one of the annual budgets of those "Native Administrations" as they are called—that of Unyanyembe for 1928-9. Out of a revenue of £6,740 (of which £5,150 comes from the tax-rebate and £500 from court fees and fines), £1,700 is allocated to the paramount chief's salary, and roughly another £2,000 to the salaries of various sub-chiefs, headmen, clerks, overseers, messengers, and medical "dressers." On roads £300 is to be spent, on buildings £50, on dispensaries £90, on a leper settlement £120, on the tsetse-fly campaign (observe its great importance) £400, on the purchase of seed £50. Another "Native Administration," with twice the revenue, estimated to spend some £1,200 on its schools. I have cited enough to show that the system affords a real training in the responsible management of public money.

Indirect rule, then, is founded on local self-government in accordance with native tradition. That is its strength. Its foundations are laid so firmly on African soil that they ought to be able to bear whatever structure may in future be built thereon. And that structure is already beginning to rise. In order to adjust the relationships between

one "Native Administration" and another and to enlarge the administrative opportunities of the smaller units, a process of amalgamation and federation is at work in Tanganyika. Again it depends on the consent of the people concerned, and again this consent has been forthcoming as soon as the advantages of co-operation were made clear, especially the power it gave to small units to provide public services in common which were too expensive for their separate revenues. Let me quote some examples:

> In Bukoba, where the chiefs were as jealous of their independence as they are proud of their ancient and common lineage, a Council of Chiefs has been created representing some 200,000 inhabitants and disposing of a joint revenue of £28,000 a year. In Mwanza Province, two areas, each of which was until recently divided between half-a-dozen chiefdoms, have of their own motion formed themselves into two Native Administrations under two paramount chiefs, each of whom now rules over some 170,000 inhabitants. . . . The chiefs of Kilimanjaro, who for centuries and until the establishment of European rule made ceaseless warfare on each other and who five years ago would scarcely meet, are now grouped in three Councils, each of which has a common treasury and is constituted as a court of appeal. . . . One of the most pleasing effects of our policy has been a revival of ancient ties, the effacement of old animosities, and the union of sections which by nature belong to the same stock, the creation of wider interests, and a new spirit of unity and co-operation. . . . As yet this development is in its infancy, but there is every prospect that closer union will spread until all of those groups which have a common custom and language will be united in some form of tribal amalgamation.

That was written five years ago. The process of unification is steadily continuing, and, if nothing happens to check it or break it down, it ought, one would hope, to go on until in the distant future the bounds of local speech

and usage are overpassed and all the peoples of the territory are united for its common purposes under a single representative federal organ. There will be difficulties, of course. One of them, no doubt, will arise from the adjustment of relations between the Native Administrations and the European and Asiatic colonists in the territory; but at present the numbers of the latter are small—about 8,000 Europeans and 30,000 Asiatics against 5,000,000 Africans—and relatively small, too, are the areas suitable for further European settlement in a country greater in size than Germany and the British Isles together. Other territories will have their own problems. In Kenya there is the same question, in a more acute form, of the immigrant communities. In Northern Rhodesia there is the "copper-belt." In Nigeria the Native Administrations vary so much in character—the northern emirates, the Yoruba states, the village-groups in the south-east—that ultimate union will be a more complex matter than in relatively homogeneous Tanganyika, more like the problem of Indian federation. But everywhere, it may be hoped, in the long run—a very long run, perhaps—the new policy will fructify in the co-ordination of local administrations in a single territorial or quasi-national structure.

And what then? Until it has reached its final stage, of course, the development of indirect rule will have been not only supervised but controlled by the British government, whether or not the precise forms of "crown colony" administration are maintained. So only can parliament fulfil its trust. But does not the attainment of the final stage imply our abdication? Before the War, I imagine, few, if any, people interested in Tropical Africa contemplated the day when it would govern itself. But the War forced us in every quarter of the Empire—in the Colonies

as in the Commonwealth and in India—to look beyond present pre-occupations to ultimate ends, and brought to the front of our minds ideas which, I think, were already implicit in our pre-War policies. In due course, for each quarter, those ideas were formulated. For the Commonwealth at the Imperial Conferences of 1917 and 1926; for India in the Declaration of August 20, 1917; and for Tropical Africa in the Peace Treaty itself. Article XXII of the Covenant of the League of Nations declares that the ex-German colonies, being "inhabited by peoples not yet able to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world," are to be handed over as "a sacred trust of civilization" to mandatory governments. These words, no doubt, are familiar, but have you realized all that is in them? Do they not imply that these peoples some day *will* be able to stand by themselves and that it is the mandatory's main duty to help them so to do? And is it not morally impossible for any government to pursue a different aim in the similar territories it ruled before the War from that which it has undertaken to pursue in a territory now entrusted to it under mandate? The British government, at any rate, has admitted the impossibility. It declared in 1923 that "the principle of trusteeship for the natives" was no less unassailable in Uganda or in Kenya than in Tanganyika.

So in the meaning and purpose of the Empire British Tropical Africa, and in due time and method the rest of the dependent territories, fall into place. They are beginning in their own native forms a similar process of assimilation or equalization to that now consummated in the nations of the Commonwealth and nearing its consummation in India. It will take different lines, no doubt, in different areas. In East Africa it may be complicated, though it need not be perverted, by the growth

and character of non-African communities. But over the vast field as a whole there seems to be no intrinsic reason why it should not go on smoothly to its end. A Dominion of Nigeria, for example? Why not? May we not hope that the peoples of Africa, gradually learning to govern as well as to produce, may lessen the difference which the conditions of their past environment have created between their rate of progress and our own, until one far-off day they too may be "masters of their destiny," sharing on equal terms with other peoples in the life of the world, making their own African contribution to its common weal? If that day ever dawns, it ought surely to be another proud day for us. When the British record comes up for final judgment at the bar of history, "the glories of our blood and state," the triumphs of our material wealth and strength, will not go far to win a favourable verdict. It will help us more if it can be pleaded that, whatever its origin and character in earlier days, our imperialism came in the end to mean an honest attempt, both in our dealings as between the different branches of our own stock and in our treatment of the weaker peoples whom circumstances had put in our power, to fulfil the common need for freedom and unity on earth.

CHARLES LAMB, 1834-1934

R. S. KNOX

"CHARLES LAMB was not a poet or essayist or critic—he was a person." This, we are told by Mr. Priestley, was Sir Walter Raleigh's saying, and, given the indulgence due to an off-hand aphorism, it must be allowed to hit fairly closely the mark of Lamb's distinction. It may, of course, be taken merely to repeat what, during his lifetime and in the century now passed since his death, has been the burden of so much Lamb praise—his attractiveness as a man. If we except an incompatible like Carlyle, who went to Enfield solemnly seeking Truth, and, being teased with frivolous jests, saw only "a stammering tomfool," there is record of scarcely anyone who met Lamb and wrote of the meeting without mention of his charm. Those who were his intimates and knew the brave unselfishness of his life have spoken with a fervour almost unmatched in the chronicle of authors. "O, he was a good man, if e'er a good man lived" is the gist of Wordsworth's epitaph, which in its eloquence ran to a length that no modest tombstone could carry. "The most delightful, the most provocative, the most witty and sensible of men," said Hazlitt; and he was not given to easy praise of his fellows. Swinburne, to take one of many, has spoken for later times: "We now find a homely magic in the name of Lamb, a special fragrance in the fame of it, such as hardly seems to hang about the statelier sounds of Coleridge's or Wordsworth's or Shelley's." But Raleigh's remark reaches further. It really turns back from the man to his art. It points precisely to the qualities which give to Lamb's best writing its peculiar character and appeal; the almost unequalled

degree to which it reflects his individuality, and the genial intimacy which he straightway wins with the sympathetic reader.

Lamb comes to us as "a person," because of his own first interest in people. In this sense he was a humanist beyond almost any of his famous contemporaries. He made, it is true, no pretence to such theoretic benevolence as Wordsworth gave his dalesmen or Shelley gave mankind; but far more than these he was at home and found inspiration in the fellowship of men. What friendship meant to him, how he throve as his friendships grew, one can gather from the *Letters*. In his early correspondence with Coleridge he laments, time and again, his loneliness: "I go nowhere, and have no acquaintance. Slow of speech and reserved of manners, no one seeks or cares for my society, and I am left alone." This soon changed. Coleridge brought Southey and Wordsworth and Hazlitt, and by his middle years Lamb was the happy centre of a company as rich and stimulating as could then be found in London. He could even playfully grumble to Mrs. Wordsworth of a superfluity of acquaintances: "I am never C.L., but always C.L. and Co." It is, indeed, in his talk and letters to his friends rather than in his early published work, that we find the promise of the later *Essays*. The intimate atmosphere was essential to him; and part at least of Elia's secret was just that he took his readers, friendwise, into his confidence. Nor was this interest in people confined to his friends. He loved the feel of life in the teeming town around him. Not in nature, as was the fashion of the moment, but in "the old arms of humanity" he found his solace.

> Separate from the pleasure of your company [he wrote Wordsworth] I don't care much if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed

> as many and intense local attachments as any of your mountaineers can have done with dead Nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street; the innumerable trades, tradesmen and customers, coaches, waggons, playhouses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the very women of the town; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles; life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old bookstalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me, without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life.

Lamb did thrill to Skiddaw and the lakes, but with an uneasy joy. He had, we are told, to think of the ham and beef shop near Saint Martin's Lane in order to bring his thoughts from their almost too painful elevation to the sober regions of everyday life. With him places became hallowed not for themselves but for their human attachments. He has almost no inanimate description. When he recalls his bygone scenes his feeling is for the life that once had stirred them—the rooms at Blakesmoor, "every plank and panel made magic with childish memories," the fantastic forms that, as a boy, he knew in the Inner Temple, his schoolmasters and schoolmates, the shades of the dead accountants, "with visionary pen in ear," that came back to him in the halls of the South-Sea House. Even when he leaves the city precincts and writes of the beauty of holiness to be known in an old and empty country church, his thoughts are humanly centred on "the piety that has kneeled there—the congregations, old and young, that have found consolation there—the meek pastor—the docile parishioner."

Yet Lamb was a discriminating humanist. He loved his species but his chief relish was for the individual. "If a man had, or if he supposed him to have a strongly marked combination or tendency of feelings, of opinions, of likings, or of dislikings—what, in fact, we call a character—no matter whether it were built upon prejudices the most extravagant, or ignorance the most profound, provided only it were sincere . . . in that extent he was sure to manifest liking and respect for the man." Such is De Quincey's elaboration of Lamb's own phrase that he preferred "heads with some diverting twist in them;" and De Quincey cites the case of his own sailor brother, Pink, who won Lamb's heart in a Bond Street gallery by the unexpected comment he threw at a Salvator Rosa: "'D—— the fellow! I could do better myself!' wherewith, perhaps unconsciously, but perhaps by way of enforcing his thought, Pink (who had brought home from his long sea life a detestable practice of chewing tobacco) ejaculated a quid of some coarse quality, that lighted upon the frame of the great master's picture and, for aught I know, may be sticking there yet." Pink's twist and his blunt independence of opinion may have diverted Lamb, but he has scarcely the delicate flavour of the "odd fishes" that Elia caught. He has not the promise of the characters actually immortalized from life—the upright Sarah Battle, patroness forever of the rigour of the game; Jem White, who banqueted the chimney-sweepers and gallantly kissed Dame Ursula, "whereat the universal host would set up a shout that tore the concave, while hundreds of grinning teeth startled the night with brightness;" and especially George Dyer, indefatigable hack and bookworm, forgotten but for Elia, the *Amicus Redivivus* after his absent-minded walk into the river at Islington, the haunter of the Bodleian, "busy as a moth over some

rotten archive, rummaged out of some seldom explored press, in a nook at Oriel." Dyer was the one character who tempted Lamb to something more ambitious than the sketch. "The oftener I see him," he wrote Coleridge, "the more deeply I admire him. He is goodness itself. If I could but calculate the precise date of his death, I would write a novel on purpose to make George the hero: I could hit him off to a hair." The novel was never written, but what might have been a chapter is given in one of the most delightful letters, both for its crisp and lively style and for its revelation of Lamb "the frolic and the gentle:"

> I wish I could convey to you any notion of the whimsical scenes I have been witness to in this fortnight past. 'Twas on Tuesday week the poor heathen scrambled up to my door about breakfast time. He came thro' a violent rain with no neck-cloth on, and a *beard* that made him a spectacle to men and angels, and tap'd at the door. Mary open'd it, and he stood stark still and held a paper in his hand importing that he had been ill of a fever. He either wouldn't or couldn't speak except by signs. When you went to comfort him he put his hand upon his heart, and shook his head, and told us his complaint lay where no medicines could reach it. I was dispatched for Dr. Dale, Mr. Phillips of St. Paul's Churchyard and Mr. Friend who is to be his executor. George solemnly delivered into Mr. Friend's hands and mine an old burnt preface that had been in the fire, with injunctions, which we solemnly vow'd to obey, that it should be printed after his death with his last corrections, and that some account should be given to the world why he had not fulfill'd his engagement with subscribers. Having done this and borrow'd two guineas of his bookseller . . . he laid himself down on my bed in a mood of complacent resignation.
>
> By the aid of meat and drink put into him (for I all along suspected a vacuum) he was enabled to sit up in the evening, but he had not got the better of his intolerable fear of dying: he expressed such philosophic indifference in his speech and such frightened apprehensions in his physiognomy that if he

> had been dying and I had known it I could not have kept my countenance. . . . He is got quite well again by nursing, and chirps of odes and lyric poetry the day long—he is to go out of town on Monday, and with him goes the dirty train of his papers and books which follow'd him to our house. I shall not be sorry when he takes his nipt carcase out of my bed, which it has occupied, and vanishes with all his lyric lumber, but I will endeavour to bring him in future into a method of dining at least once a day.

Dyer survived to write Lamb's obituary notice in the *Christian Reformer*: "a man humane in his feelings and benevolent in his actions. His jokes, which were always kept within the bounds of decorum, never lost him a friend nor made him an enemy."

The figures conjured up by Lamb from his early memories, such as the benchers and the clerks of the South-Sea House, are "characters" in a different sense from Mrs. Battle or George Dyer. They are rather those in whom "common qualities become uncommon," because, by a kindly understanding, their secret flame has been surprised. So we are made to know the cashier Evans, whose tristful office-hour visage attained the meridian of its animation only at the hour of tea, when he would "chirp and expand over a muffin;" the deputy Tame of the aristocratic stoop, inwardly lit by the glory of his wife's labyrinthine relationship to the House of Derwentwater.

> This was the thought—the sentiment—the bright solitary star of your lives—ye mild and happy pair—which cheered you in the night of intellect, and in the obscurity of your station! This was to you instead of riches, instead of rank, instead of glittering attainments; and it was worth them all together. You insulted none with it; but, while you wore it as a piece of defensive armour only, no insult likewise could reach you through it. *Decus et solamen.*

That gives the quality of Lamb's irony, caressing as it smiles; it gives, too, a fair sample of his art in weaving the carefully modulated period. One such recollected character stands in Lamb's gallery by itself, the sketch of the bencher, Coventry. The inner suggestiveness may be gone, for Lamb knew him only at a distance, as a portent; but the massive four-square figure imposes itself on the very sound, rhythm, and ordinance of the epic prose. The lines, as it were, rumble beneath his tread:

> But what insolent familiar durst have mated Thomas Coventry—whose person was a quadrate, his step massy and elephantine, his face square as the lion's, his gait peremptory and path-keeping, indivertible from his way as a moving column, the scarecrow of his inferiors, the brow-beater of equals and superiors, who made a solitude of children wherever he came, for they fled his insufferable presence, as they would have shunned an Elisha bear. His growl was as thunder in their ears, whether he spake to them in mirth or in rebuke, his invitatory notes being, indeed, of all, the most repulsive and horrid. Clouds of snuff, aggravating the natural terrors of his speech, broke from each majestic nostril, darkening the air. He took it not by pinches, but a palmful at once, diving for it under the mighty flaps of his old-fashioned waistcoat pocket: his waistcoat red and angry, his coat dark rappee, tinctured by dye original, and by adjuncts, with buttons of obsolete gold. And so he paced the terrace.

Lamb's liking for a character is merely one evidence in his writing of his own intensely individualistic temperament. "I am made up of queer points and I need so many answering needles," he said of himself; and there is Coleridge's verdict, minuted down from his lips shortly before his death: "Charles Lamb has more totality and individuality of character than any other man I know, or have ever known in my life." It is this freshness and independence in his interests and attitude which give to

Lamb's best art its peculiar rarity. Here, we feel, is the expression of a personality not only delightful but wholly original. He is content to be and to give himself, "a bundle of prejudices—made up of likings and dislikings—the veriest thrall to sympathies, apathies, antipathies." He savoured life and what was not to his taste he quietly ignored. In the momentous happenings of his times, since they lay outside his own private world, he was not greatly interested. He was, it is true, chivalrously stirred to political satire on the queen's side in the very year of Elia's appearance; and earlier, in 1812, just a week before the publication of the article which brought Leigh Hunt a two years' sentence, Lamb had contributed to Hunt's *Examiner* his daring lampoon on the Prince of Whales, with its witty echo of Milton:

> Hapless mariners are they,
> Who beguil'd (as seamen say),
> Deeming him some rock or island,
> Footing sure, safe spot, and dry land,
> Anchor in his scaly rind;
> Soon the difference they find,
> Sudden plumb he sinks beneath them;
> Does to ruthless seas bequeathe them.

But in his published prose there is scarcely a reference to contemporary events. The few allusions in his letters are characteristic. In one he sensibly scolds Coleridge for letting the propagandist displace the poet in his lines on Joan of Arc, "roused into a state of mind proper to receive visions, emblematical of equality; which, what the devil Joan had to do with, I don't know, or indeed with the French and American revolutions." In another letter, dated 1805, he maliciously questions Hazlitt, and reveals the personal basis of his own likings: "Wasn't you sorry for Lord Nelson? I have followed him in fancy ever

since I saw him walking in Pall Mall (I was prejudiced against him before), looking just as a hero should look." Nor, after his early years, did matters of religion or theology interest Lamb, although he roused his orthodox friend Southey to a peeved protest by his superbly worded and very human sentiments in *New Year's Eve*:

> I am not content to pass away "like a weaver's shuttle." Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide, that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluct at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes and the sweet serenity of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here.

This expression of Lamb's creed seems to have fluttered others besides Southey. In one of the letters—which not infrequently anticipate or echo the *Essays*—Lamb acknowledges a mild remonstrance in verse, but modestly refuses to recant: "Poor Elia (call him Ellia) does not pretend to so very clear revelations of a future state of being as Olen seems gifted with. He stumbles about dark mountains at best; but he knows at least how to be thankful for this life, and is too thankful indeed for certain relationships lent him here, not to tremble for a possible resumption of the gift."

Of all his friends and critics, Hazlitt, in *The Spirit of the Age*, has expressed most aptly the quality and direction of Lamb's tastes.

> [He] rather affects and is tenacious of the obscure and remote; of that which rests on its own intrinsic and silent merit; which scorns all alliance, or even the suspicion of owing anything to noisy clamour, to the glare of circumstances. . . . He delights to dwell on that which is fresh to the eye of memory; he yearns after and covets what soothes the frailty of human nature.

> That touches him most nearly which is withdrawn to a certain distance, which verges on the borders of oblivion:—that piques and provokes his fancy most, which is hid from a superficial glance.

In its suggestion of the distinction of Lamb's mind, the whole essay is admirable. Almost all subsequent commentary on Lamb has been indebted to it; and yet, here and there in Hazlitt's analysis there is just a hint of pose in Lamb's interests and manner, which is undoubtedly misleading. Lamb himself gives the answer through Elia: "They had not been *his* if they had been other than such; and better it is, that a writer should be natural in a self-pleasing quaintness, than to affect a naturalness (so called) that should be strange to him." "Self-pleasing" is the fitting Lamb epithet. If we except his casual sixpenny jokes sent to the *Morning Post*, there was almost nothing he wrote which was not written for love. As he himself realized, he was blessed with work that saved him from the miseries of subsisting by authorship. "'Tis a pretty appendage to a situation like yours or mine," he wrote to Barton, who had thoughts of relying on his pen outside the security of a banking-house, "but a slavery worse than all slavery to be a bookseller's dependant, to drudge your brains for pots of ale and breasts of mutton, to change your free thoughts and voluntary numbers for ungracious task-work." His poems he never really took seriously after his early partnership with Coleridge and Lloyd. The sonnets which he had contributed, written in his favourite mood of tender retrospect, were, for all their simple sincerity, undistinguished. And Lamb had the critical sense to see this. Poetry he modestly resolved to leave to his betters, but he continued until the end to throw off verses for his own and his friends' enjoyment. Most of these are of their minor kind excellent;

a few, like *The Old Familiar Faces* and *Hester*, amply justify his early ambition to be known as a poet. Merely from his own delight in the older drama he wrote *John Woodvil*, as a play a failure—Lamb realized he was no hand at a plot—but in the occasional verse catching exactly the antique tone and manner which he sought. The forgotten beauties of Burton's prose fascinated him, and he amused himself with his well-nigh perfect *Fragments*, offered, one would imagine, not without a wink to the stolid Scotsman who edited the *Morning Post*. He was, as has so often been said, our purest amateur of letters; and it was the happiest of chances that in 1820, when Lamb was forty-five, the *London Magazine* offered his wayward genius its ideal setting. His former writing had proved, and he had himself acknowledged, that the personal was his forte. The essay, limited and informal, was his chosen and perfect space; and his temperament was fitted by the charter given him, to talk to the reader about himself.

Every aspect of Lamb's art in the *Essays* reflects his personality and reveals the individualistic cast of his mind. Theme and treatment are completely his own. We may as historians turn back to his predecessors and here and there proclaim a face resemblance, to Montaigne in his egotism, to Goldsmith in his kindly temper, to this writer and to that; but such findings do not take us very far. Lamb took the well-worn form and, by turning inward to himself, gave it a content and manner which remain unique. His reminiscent evocation of the past, the delicacy with which the serious or the wistful mood slips into fun, the playfulness even to extravagance, all clearly bespeak the natural man. One has but to read the *Letters* for confirmation. And his style, in all its varying moods, from the simple to the richly-wrought

period, echoing, as it often does, an older-fashioned eloquence, bears the same individual stamp. There were great prose-writers among Lamb's contemporaries; some, it may be, in the final count greater than Lamb, none wrote in a manner more recognizably and consistently his own.

This individualism is nowhere more interestingly shown than in his talk and writings about literature. His books, like his friends, were chosen and cherished merely because they appealed to him. He had no ambition to be omnivorous. There is more than a mere playful sally in the Lepus letter where he laughs at "readers against the grain," at the pitiful struggle to be in fashion, at book-clubs and "knots of literati," those of us who read to say that we have read. "Shall we never again read to be amused? but to judge, to criticize, to talk about it and about it. Farewell, old honest delight taken in books not quite contemporary, before this plague-token of modern endless novelties broke out upon us—farewell to reading for its own sake." Yet Lamb was not narrow in his tastes. He cannot be aligned with any school. It was no mere trick of perversity that made him, with all his high regard for the contemporary romantics (excluding Byron and Shelley), see and proclaim the merit of Pope, whose compliments were "the finest that were ever paid by the wit of man." His liking for the homeliness of Wither did not keep him from recognizing the difficult virtues of Donne and Cowley. He, himself a devotee to the conceit, admired the play of their fancy; and he characteristically objected to the prevalent uncritical simplification that these poets, "because they have more wit and faculty of illustration than other men, are supposed to have been incapable of nature or feeling." His admiration for the solemnities of Milton did not lessen his love

for "the divine chit-chat" of Cowper. He may have had an imperfect sympathy for Caledonians, but not for Burns; "the god of my idolatry" he calls him in an early letter to Coleridge.

The *Letters* teem with Lamb's running criticism on the poems of his friends. Both Wordsworth and Coleridge knew, and not seldom benefited from, the sureness of his taste. As he himself said, his usual method was to judge "not system-wise, but fastening on particulars." "I have had the Anthology," he wrote to Coleridge in 1800, "and like only one thing in it, *Lewti*; but of that the last stanza is detestable, the rest most exquisite: the epithet *enviable* would dash the finest poem." That is the informal Lamb manner; and so is the pointed warning which he adds on a matter that touched him closely: "For God's sake (I never was more serious) don't make me ridiculous any more by terming me gentle-hearted in print, or do it in better verses. It did well enough five years ago when I came to see you, and was moral coxcomb enough at the time you wrote the lines, to feed upon such epithets. . . . My *sentiment* is long since vanished. I hope my *virtues* have done *sucking*." The growth of his mind, which Lamb here suggests, can clearly be followed in the critical judgments in the *Letters*. We hear less and less of his youthful admiration for Bowles's "tender plaintiveness." His first ardour for Southey as a possible rival of Milton becomes chastened. His maturity is perhaps marked by his refusal to be browbeaten even by Wordsworth and Coleridge. He had been sent the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads* for his opinion, and, replying to Wordsworth, had given it high but discriminating praise. Wordsworth's letter, he tells Manning,

> I answered in due form and time, and enumerated several of the passages which had most affected me, adding, unfortun-

> ately, that no single piece had moved me so forcibly as *The Ancient Mariner*, *The Mad Mother*, or the *Lines at Tintern Abbey*. The Post did not sleep a moment. I received almost instantaneously a long letter of four sweating pages from my Reluctant Letter-Writer, the purport of which was, that he was sorry his 2nd. Vol. had not given me more pleasure—(Devil a hint did I give that it had *not pleased me*) and "was compelled to wish that my range of sensibility was more extended, being obliged to believe that I should receive large influxes of happiness and happy thoughts" (I suppose from the L. B.)—with a deal of stuff about a certain Union of Tenderness and Imagination, which in the sense he used Imagination was not the characteristic of Shakespeare, but which Milton possessed in a degree far exceeding other Poets. . . . After one has been reading Shakespeare twenty of the best years of one's life, to have a fellow start up, and prate about some unknown quality which Shakespeare possessed in a degree inferior to Milton and *somebody else*! This was not to be *all* my castigation. Coleridge, who had not written to me some months before, starts up from his bed of sickness to reprove me for my hardy presumption; four long pages, equally sweaty and more tedious came from him; assuring me that, when the works of a man of true genius such as W. undoubtedly was, do not please me at first sight, I should suspect the fault to lie "in me and not in them," etc. etc. What am I do with such people? I certainly shall write them a very merry letter.

In his criticism Lamb seldom attempted to elaborate any formal judgment. "The spirit of the author descended upon him; and he felt it." What he felt he conveyed with exquisite sensitiveness to the reader. So it is, for example, with his review of Keats's poems and of *The Excursion*, and in his notes to the *Specimens* from the old plays, which he more than anyone else brought into recognition. We may not always fall in with what is said; there may be private enthusiasms which we cannot fully share; but, when we recall his words on Webster or on Chapman, we shall find it hard to point to anyone who

has at moments written more memorably and with a surer instinct for what is fine. Lamb the critic may be called, and by some dismissed as, an impressionist. He is, in the sense that he writes mainly on what he has liked, and that his usual aim is to make the reader feel the pleasure which he has proved upon himself. Yet, when called upon, he could vigorously affirm the standard of his taste. He has done so in his two lengthiest critical essays, both written in the way of protest and both masterpieces of imaginative insight and of hammered argument—his expression here runs through no antique conduit-pipes—*The Tragedies of Shakespeare* and *The Genius of Hogarth*. Again we may agree or disagree with the central contentions, that the tragedies may mean to us something beyond what acting can convey, and that Hogarth, like Wordsworth, could raise the ordinary to high moral grandeur. But of his unsurpassed power to penetrate into the mind of the artist and to reveal what he has seen, there is simply no doubt; and this, too, comes home to us, that Lamb, the self-pleasing impressionist, looked for and valued in art above all else the artist's insight into man's nature. In this again he was the humanist.

There is reason beyond the centennial convention for asking how Lamb's reputation stands to-day. It is a fashion of the moment to suspect the literature of his contemporaries. Their romantic ardours, it is held, and the Victorian "literature of evasion" which issued from them, are no longer in tune with our realistic modern temper. With those of this persuasion, who cannot take a holiday from their own serious selves or time, Elia must certainly share in the disfavour. Moreover, the present trend of criticism with its cold sometimes benumbing scientific rigour, is away from Lamb's manner, his quiet invitation to share with him a delighted response. He

was quite aware of his academic shortcomings. "I read without order of time," he confessed, "I am a poor hand at dates: and for any biography of the dramatists, I must refer to writers who are more skilful in such matters. My business is with their poetry only." But even if we admit that, to some of this generation, Lamb may have become an imperfect sympathy, there is still and ever will be a host of Elians who can rejoice in the disinterested art and free spirit of this "most human of authors."

THE THEORY OF PUNISHMENT

TERENCE SHEARD

NOT long ago I had occasion to visit an elderly lady whose residence is one of the most charming houses in Canada. Surrounded by ample grounds, it is admirably designed and rich in historical associations. The owner is naturally proud of the place, and after I had completed my business, she took me around and showed me its various points of special interest. In due course we passed into a garden altogether in keeping with the house itself. All at once I realized what up to that moment had not been present in my mind, that this delightful house was situated almost immediately adjacent to one of our larger penitentiaries. I felt immediately that, whatever its charm in other respects, this particular house was not one in which I should care to live. This reaction of mine was, I believe, a perfectly natural one implying no special sensitivity on my part. While there may be, and no doubt is, a widespread interest in prisons and their problems, not many of us would care to live with those problems constantly evidenced by the proximity of prison walls. Our interest is only tolerable to us when it can be kept fleeting and the greater part of the time we prefer to have all consideration of them shut out from our minds.

This deliberate disinclination to dwell on the subject of prisons and prisoners is no doubt very largely explained by the fact that suffering of any kind is not pleasant to contemplate. But this explanation is not completely adequate. A great deal of suffering also takes place in hospitals and no small part of that suffering

is, in a sense, deliberately inflicted. Yet we do not mind thinking about our hospitals, but on the contrary take a certain pride in contemplating the skill and efficiency with which they are carried on. The difference would seem to be in the philosophy behind the two institutions and in the theory of them rather than in the facts themselves. The suffering inflicted by the surgeon is felt to be unavoidable and justified by ends that cannot be attained without it. In the case of prisons we realize in a general way the ends they are intended to serve, but there remains the uneasy feeling that these ends are possibly not altogether coherent nor the means well adapted to achieving them. "To the rational being only that which is irrational is intolerable." One does not need to be more than partially rational in order to experience some discomfort.

There exist a number of different theories on which our present methods of treating criminals are customarily justified. Three of the more important of these theories have recently been well summarized by the prime minister as follows: "Society has a three-fold purpose in providing penitentiaries, (1) the punishment of the convicts, (2) to deter others from committing similar offences, and (3) the reformation of the convict through affording him opportunities to acquire useful knowledge so that on the termination of his punishment he may be able to take his place as a member of society." It is impossible to quarrel with the clarity of this statement or to deny that it is the explanation that would be given by nine people out of ten who were called upon to give one. If, then, the various grounds are independently adequate, and the ends themselves not incompatible, we may dismiss our doubts on grounds of reason and seek

elsewhere for an explanation of what qualms we may feel.

It is plain, of course, that not all sentences for crime can be justified by reference to all three of the grounds to which Mr. Bennett refers. A life-sentence can hardly be said to contemplate that on the termination of it the convict "may be able to take his place as a member of society"—certainly a death-sentence does not—and the same can probably be said of all long sentences of, for example, fifteen or twenty years, since it seems too much to expect any but the hardiest to survive so protracted a period of confinement without some impairment of their ability to adjust themselves to the demands of ordinary life. Apparently, therefore, it is to be considered sufficient if any given punishment can be justified on any one of the three grounds and it would seem to follow from this that the most severe punishment justifiable on any one of the three will be the punishment that ought to be inflicted. In any case, it obviously becomes necessary to consider each ground separately and for this purpose it is convenient to consider first the so-called "deterrent" element.

The idea that punishment ought to be inflicted on the convicted criminal in order to deter others from committing similar offences—*pour encourager les autres* as the phrase is—may be said to have flourished in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries when all felonies were punishable by death and confiscation. The idea has in it the perfection of formal logic applied to life. Although it cannot be laid at the door of the Utilitarians, it springs perhaps from the same general point of view as does the concept of an "economic man." Only make the penalty inevitable and then, if it is severe enough, no one will be so foolish as to commit a

crime. Put somewhat differently, there is said to be a balance of interest in favour of crime as an occupation and the purpose of punishment is to redress the balance. Public execution of the sentence used to be, but is no longer, considered a logical development of the principle. Torture of the convict in one way or another is implicit in it and perhaps the *auto da fe* can be regarded as the perfect example of its practical application.

To this theory of punishment there seem to be two main objections. In the first place, the deterrent effect of any punishment, no matter how severe, is imponderable. In point of fact no one knows how far people are deterred from criminal acts by fear of the probable consequences. Public executions were abandoned when it came to be appreciated that to accustom people to scenes of violence and brutality probably did not have the effect of making them law-abiding. In some countries where capital punishment has been abolished, murder is less prevalent than in others in which the public is constantly reminded of all the detailed horrors of this extreme penalty.

Moreover, the deterrent theory is open to the general objections common to all theories that treat individuals as means to some social end. To punish the offender not for what he has done, but for what others may do, is, in effect, terrorism, and when it falls short of complete success—as it must inevitably do—it becomes despicable and appears capricious. If in general it is difficult to estimate the deterrent effect of various punishments, it is still more difficult to judge what the effect will be of the particular punishment allotted in a particular case. In practice, therefore, the theory is not very helpful, and if carried to extremes it tends to destroy itself. When death was the penalty for theft, juries became

notoriously unwilling to convict, and various prohibitory statutes have in the past become unenforceable when bolstered up with penalties that were generally felt to be out of proportion to the moral guilt involved.

Some jurists have felt so keenly these objections to the deterrent theory that they, like Mr. Bennett, have put the question of moral guilt first as the fundamental ground on which to erect a theory of punishment. One of the most prominent of these was the late Lord Justice Fry who maintained that "the deepest ground of punishment is a purely moral one, viz., the adaptation of suffering to sin." The theory has also had the support of the English Court of Criminal Appeal which has laid down the rule "that it is very desirable, if possible, to pass a sentence on a man in a good position exactly the same as on a man in a different position; it is true the sentence is harder, but the offence is correspondingly greater; the man ought to know better and the way of meeting that is to give exactly the same sentence; the sentence is worse but by reason of the prisoner's position the offence is worse." Lord Justice Fry vigorously supported this conception of punishment by insisting that it conformed to generally accepted notions of justice. "Why," he asked, "do men complain of the sufferings of the good and of the prosperity of the wicked; why do they esteem it one of the hardest riddles of the universe; but that they assume that in a right state of things pain ought to go with sin, and happiness with righteousness?" This may be somewhat helpful as an explanation of the psychological background of public opinion, although it might be more realistic if it included some reference to the historical development of the idea of public, as a substitute for private, vengeance; but as a principle on which it is suggested the state should act,

it presents certain difficulties. As the lord justice was dealing with punishment for crime, it would perhaps be somewhat unfair to take up the latter half of his question and inquire how far the state should be prepared to go in order to make sure that all its virtuous citizens attain happiness; but even on the negative side the task is not much easier. It is trite to point out that crime is one thing, immorality another, and that, in spite of all the innumerable references to *mens rea* as an essential element in criminality, courts of law are not well adapted to decide moral issues, the determination of which may well depend upon circumstances incapable of proof by evidence legally relevant, and thus it is quite possible to commit a crime without doing anything immoral. Even if it were possible for sentences to be based upon the degree of immorality exhibited by the offender, it is quite plain that they are not so based in law. An attempt to commit a crime may, for example, be no less immoral because it fails, but we do not hang people for attempted murder.

This conception of punishment as essentially retributive, to be graded according to degrees of guilt has, in fact, led our criminal law into some of its most difficult and most dubious, distinctions, notably that between negligence and "gross" negligence, which probably has no scientific validity at all and even in law has become immensely difficult to define. To divide the human race into good people and bad people may be convenient and even necessary for certain practical purposes, but as a principle on which to erect a criminal system it obviously leaves something to be desired. To attempt to gauge the relative degree of moral delinquency exhibited by different offenders committing different crimes in different circumstances would seem to be quite a task, and even

if a modern judge had all the resources of Gilbert's ingenious Mikado, he might be excused some doubts about his capacity, with the sole guidance of this principle, "to make the punishment fit the crime." On the whole, one prefers the reasoning of Salmond: "Punishment is in itself an evil and can be justified only as the means of attaining a general good. Retribution is in itself not a remedy for the mischief of the offence but an aggravation of it."

Those who believe that the purpose of punishment should be to reform the offender avoid the difficulty of making the punishment fit the crime by insisting that it should fit not the crime, but the criminal. Those who adhere to this view are slow to admit that anyone can be incapable of regeneration, and it is obvious why they should be so since, if reformation is to be considered the only valid reason for punishment, no reason remains why those who cannot be reformed should be punished at all. This is a point of view that up to the present has failed to make much real impression on public opinion. Even in those cases in which the possibility of reform can be admitted, there seems to be no general agreement about the methods by which it is to be brought about or the point at which it can be considered to have been achieved. It is no criticism either of the aims or of the methods of the psychiatrists to point out that, up to the present, they have quite failed to convince the public that it would be wise to entrust the criminals to them. They are admittedly endeavouring to be scientific in an intensely difficult field, but there still seems room for sharp differences of opinion about the progress they have made or the extent to which their present methods can be said to be based upon premises scientifically established.

Such differences are likely to prove for some time a stumbling-block in the path of the idea of punishment as exclusively a reformative process. But a more serious obstacle is the virtual impossibility of reconciling it in practice either with the idea of punishment as a deterrent or with a conception based on moral indignation. So long as our ideas of the sort of treatment likely to reform offenders were modelled on the principle "spare the rod and spoil the child," the inherent contradictions were not so obvious, but once we come to feel that severity alone is unlikely to produce a point of view socially desirable, we find ourselves involved in practices that are the result not so much of compromise as of confusion—unless one cares to regard "the cat" as a compromise. Nor does the disharmony of these three theories, "deterrent," "retributive," and "reformative," in any sense embrace all the discords in the cacophony of our jurisprudence on the subject of punishment. Other theories exist scarcely less plausible than these three and equally difficult to reconcile with them. There is, for example, the preventive theory which would base punishment on the necessity of preventing the offender from repeating his offence. The logical implication of this theory would be that punishment should precede instead of follow the crime. It will be remembered as the favourite theory of the queen in *Alice in Wonderland* who insisted "sentence first—verdict afterwards."

It is not surprising that a system influenced by such discordant points of view should be rich in practical inconsistencies and should place a tremendous burden of responsibility on those entrusted with the task of trying to make the system work; a burden not always discharged with complete success. Until there is coherence in the theory, it is hard to see how there can

cease to be such inconsistencies. There is at present a certain agitation for the "reform" of our penitentiaries. But by reforming an institution we presumably mean remodelling it so that it will be better able to perform the function it is intended to fulfil. Until that function is comprehended and defined, there is no basis from which the process of reformation can proceed.

What is needed is a philosophy of criminal punishment coherent in itself and founded upon facts scientifically established. We are to-day in much the same position with regard to crime that we were in one hundred years ago with respect to the problem of infectious diseases. What passed for preventive medicine and therapeutics at that time is now recognized as a mere collection of expedients, some helpful and some harmful, partaking almost of the nature of folk-lore rather than of science. It is probably only from our present point of view that the problem of crime appears more baffling and there is no reason to believe that, within limits, it will not yield to the same general method of approach. Whatever principles are to be followed in the treatment of criminals must be founded on something more than vague generalities about human nature or casual estimates of probable motives. It must be appreciated that crime is an affair not of classes or groups but of individuals and that what generalizations are to be valid must follow and not precede the careful observation of particular cases.

In its social aspect the punishment of criminals must be recognized as only one element in the larger problem of producing social conditions that tend to reduce crime to a minimum. A repetition of this truism is to be found in the writings of all who have actually taken part in the administration of the criminal law or have had any opportunity of observing its operation. No doubt

even under the most enlightened social system conceivable, there would always be criminals just as there are people who cheat at *solitaire*, but it is obvious that if punishment is to be inflicted because it tends to discourage crime, other policies ought to be harmonized at least to the extent of not positively encouraging it. Unless all criminals are going to be caught—the unattainable perfection of enforcement—the effort must be directed toward making crime unattractive not merely to those that are caught but also to those that escape.

To observe how easily changing conditions may become conducive to the occurrence of certain crimes, it is not necessary to look further than at the development of the automobile, which has rendered ordinary law-enforcement immensely more difficult and has practically created a new offence, that of criminal negligence on the part of the driver. It is quite apparent that punishment alone is not likely to lead to a solution of either of these problems. The unsatisfactory state of the law of criminal negligence has already been mentioned, but, however such negligence may be defined, all are agreed that there is plenty of it. Probably if, in motor-car cases, excessive speed can in itself be regarded as sufficient evidence of such negligence, the vast majority of drivers have been guilty of it at some time or other and have been saved from indictment by good fortune only. To single out an occasional individual here and there and penalize him severely is not likely to meet a situation of this kind. This, at any rate, seems to be the point of view of juries, who have become extremely unwilling to convict in such cases even when the facts appear reasonably clear. As a matter of fact, nature has its own penalties—death, maiming, disfigurement—that are awarded to the negligent without much regard to degrees of culpability. That these do not seem to have great deterrent effect is at

least some indication of the deficiencies of punishment as a corrective and of the need of an entirely different approach to the problem. And that the police appreciate this is shown by the fact that their plea is not so much for more convictions and stiffer sentences as for more through streets, stop lights, fewer bad corners, wider highways, and other improvements likely to reduce the necessary standard of care.

This illustration serves to show that punishment as a deterrent must be kept in perspective and not be regarded as a cure-all. Even if it be assumed that in a rational system penalties of various kinds would be retained as one element in an environment unfavourable to crime, the question of the type of penalty to be inflicted is still left open. Here again existing practices cannot be said to be the result of any consistent effort to determine what kinds of penalties are likely to discourage particular offenders. The existing assortment of punishments has survived out of the past not so much because experience has shown these punishments to be more effective than others, but on grounds of convenience tinged with a certain desire to avoid the more obvious brutalities. It is not improbable that, as a result of experiment, the present range of punishments will be considerably widened and will come to include a number of penalties not yet in general use. In the meantime, those who are inclined to be complacent may be reminded of the view of a jurist who certainly cannot be accused of sentimentality, that "of all methods of penalizing culprits, the one most usual in our days, imprisonment, appears to be the most unsatisfactory. There is nothing to recommend it, but the ease of its application to large numbers of delinquents. It has been described by all competent observers as an active incitement to further wrongdoing."

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

W. E. Collin

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN passed the years of his manhood in a small city of fifty to sixty thousand souls, the nominal capital of a geographical unit covering a tremendous area but supporting only five million people and, in a political sense, not as old as himself. Ottawa, once sneered at as "a backwoods lumber village transformed into a political cockpit," grew rapidly after Confederation. It enjoyed viceregal prestige and some gaiety in the season, but it was still artistically and intellectually dull. A literary and scientific society and a progressive club were in existence, and there was always the Library of Parliament; but books were hard to come by, and Lampman and his associates, who complained of the prevailing drought, kept themselves informed of the flow of ideas in the outer world by reading the great English and American monthlies and quarterlies.

In Canada, journals of that class did not then exist. Several literary magazines were launched and collapsed. One, *The Week*, continued to shine during the whole of the Lampman period. For young writers, yearning for literary expression, there were few outlets. South of the frontier, in the early 'nineties, there were sixty-five millions of people with but half a dozen or so first-rate magazines, admission to which was, in the circumstances, difficult for a Canadian. Yet it was in the pages of *Scribner's* and the others that Canadians might follow the work of their compatriots. If Canadian writers crossed the border, it was not because they were renegades. If they remained in their own country, what was there but obscurity and poverty?

Canada's future was one of the "burning" questions of the time. The young writers, conscious that a Canadian literature was in gestation, felt that annexation by the United States would be tantamount to absorption and utter loss. Yet a colonial status was intolerable, and only an independent people, they believed, could produce a great literature. Thus it came about that they preached nationalism. They were all anxious to establish a local distinctiveness for Canada; and if we review the ideas and emotions current at the time, I think we shall conclude that this distinctiveness could not be intellectual, political, or religious.

Canada did not produce ideas; she imported them from England, who was still dazzled by her latest discovery, natural law. Scientific method invaded all the fields of man's knowledge. It made breaches in the ramparts of his beliefs, and the foundations of his faith seemed to be sapped. In the English-speaking world it was positivism and "higher criticism," not the philosophy of Schopenhauer, that cast a gloom over men's spirits and made the years 1885 to 1900 a period of depression and pessimism. The question of life's purpose and value, the apparent futility of all action and thought, troubled the minds of serious people so that they welcomed any prophet who promised relief from the pain of thinking and knowing. Sir Edwin Arnold's poetic life of Gautama had an extraordinary vogue, and Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam, which had come into the world very silently some years before, sprang suddenly into public attention in 1885 and maintained an immense popularity throughout the whole period.

Lampman was particularly severe on Sir Edwin, "one of the most elaborate poetical frauds that ever worked up a reputation by palaver and puffery." To understand

the virulence of those words it might be enough to remember that they came from a man who had been brought up in the discipline of the church, in a colony which had a reputation for being God-fearing, loyal to a Protestant crown, and in no mood to tolerate heresy. It was the puritanical pulse of Ontario that fluttered under the rays of contemporary scientific scrutiny. Modern method was an abomination. Ontario felt towards evolution as she felt towards continental realism; and read with relief the works of Henry Drummond, for evolution could be made palatable by being interpreted as redemption.

Not only was Archibald Lampman born in Ontario; he was born attached to an Anglican church in Ontario. The boy who was to be the poet, grew up under the authority of spiritual, not natural law. But outside the walls of home, scientists and critics were challenging that authority; and although Lampman's spiritual intuitions were not likely to be repressed altogether, his fervour might be diverted, as indeed it was, from the puritanism of his fathers. When he was grown up, he not unnaturally fell under the authority of Matthew Arnold. Why? Arnold offered a way of escape at once from science and from Hebraism. "From Maine to Florida, and back again, all America Hebraises," he said. "Now, and for us, it is a time to Hellenise . . . for we have Hebraised too much." He preached such gentle virtues: sweetness and light. Out of the encircling gloom he would lead his lambs, away from vexatious problems and distressing pain, to the green pastures and still waters of literature that would do them good. Lampman, and many another who had been over-exposed to divine worship, was ready for Hellenism, the Hellenism of nineteenth-century dreamers.

What could a poet do? He might read what he liked. There was no harm, if he happened to be summering in Muskoka, in feeling tired of action and swearing to live in the hollow lotus-land "careless of mankind." No harm, coming home in the sleigh as the northern-lights shot their midnight arrows into the sky, in murmuring the words of the Persian Omar:

> We are no other than a moving row
> Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
> Round with the Sun-illumin'd Lantern held
> In Midnight by the Master of the Show.

No harm in reading Swinburne's naughty ballads. Yet it was not possible for a poet to arise in Ontario and publicly intone hymns to the lotus, the grape, or Our Lady of Pain.

What could a poet write about? There were the Greeks. Add Emerson's Oversoul; then imitations of other accepted poets like Browning; lastly, patriotic or historical subjects. The shocks and adjustments occasioned in the sensibility of a poet as he faced his age, the only vital subject, and one which would have given us a different kind of romanticism? Frankly no.

Patriotism was changing its complexion. It had meant loyalty to Britain; but in the sons of colonists, with a belief in independence, the idea of loyalty was being transformed into reverence for the Canadian soil. This was a departure. It opened a way to what there is of uniqueness in the Canadian poets of the Lampman period: not ideas, not mysticism, not oratory, but the smell of the Canadian soil. Lampman spent some of his boyhood at Lakefield. No boy would ever forget the flavour of that delightful countryside; it would penetrate his body to the bone. What fascinates us in our present study is

ridding away foreign growths till we get a view of the Canadian *terroir* in the natural light of Lampman's style.

Lampman's sensibility was Nordic;[1] from beginning to end he felt the northness of Canada. This was one reason why he read Longfellow and William Morris. Morris made Nordic epic literature known to England. Besides, he was a master goaded by the impulse to create beauty; he knew colour effects not as a poet only but as a craftsman who works with dyes. However ineffectual Lampman thought Morris as poet, he could not ignore that.

One is bound to write "band of blue," "garland of lilies," "girdle as red as blood,"[2] after reading Pre-Raphaelite poetry. But there were some traits in that art that were out of Lampman's frontier by our definition: one of them was the love passion. There were others, poetic anthropomorphism, symbolism, not so definitely out of his reach as a poet as they were out of fashion in an age of realism. Yet I feel that it was a question of power as well as fashion with Lampman. For example, he changed his opinion of Shelley radically. He discovered that Shelley lacked something which, for want of a better word, he called "the human." Perhaps. But "the human" was lip-homage to Arnold. If he had been true to himself he would have admitted that he could not endure the blaze of Shelley's imaginative splendour any longer.

It is evident that he admired the natural and direct method in landscape painting; the direct, simple style. He caught Rossetti's idea of making sonnets for pictures; he clung to novel and pretty descriptions of place or scene. As soon as he got to Ottawa he wrote: "This is a place not of 'wind and flowers, full of sweet trees and

[1] "The venerable old Scald," he named Whitman.

[2] *The Little Handmaiden*, 1886.

colour of glad grass,' but a place of chill fierce colds, full of rheumatism and damned snowstorms."

Such language may indicate a *volte-face* from Swinburne and dream-pictures towards naturalism, but the new picture from *Poems and Ballads* stuck with him. Nine years later it comes out again, this time in its original setting: "Now it is that in the long afternoons we dream of some place of wind and flowers, 'Full of sweet trees and colour of glad grass'." There was something memorable, at any rate, in Swinburne. Words and the sweet sound of words! J. E. Collins, for whom Lampman had a genuine affection, wrote in 1884: "About a thousand silly young men in this country repeat the following line till they grow drunken and inspired: 'And his heart grew sad, that was glad, for his sweet song's sake,' and, inspired, they go away and endeavour to write in the same strain." I take it that Collins had heard the line about a thousand times and was quoting from memory: "And men sit sad that were glad for their sweet songs' sake."[3]

Lampman's appropriation of another poet's pictures and the gentle merging of them into the work in progress is very obvious in his "months." Keats's poetry, where Lampman could find Pre-Raphaelite fancy and gem-like colours applied to a perfectly healthy landscape, was never far behind. Watch the Keatsian effects:

> Thy shape hath flashed upon me like no dream,
> Wandering with scented curls that heaped the breeze,
> Or by the hollow of some reeded stream
> Sitting waist-deep in white anemones.
>
> Only the things of Beauty shall endure.
>
> The loneliness, perplexity and pain.
>
> . . . the long draught emptied to the lees.
>
> Mist of gray gnats that cloud the river shore.

[3]Swinburne, *In Memory of Barry Cornwall.*

The word "murmurous" drones through his verse and prose: "the murmurous May-day," "log-strewn river murmurous with mills," "murmurous summer morning," "quiet, murmurous April evenings." Especially in the earlier poems of *Among the Millet* (1888), Lampman is under the influence of Keats. We admire the many-coloured procession of long-trained substantives: "pale-weeded shadows," "serpent-spotted blades," "frosty-lidded reveries," "dusty-skirted lines," and a rare condensed metaphor: "panting fires." The pace is retarded for us to see a lady's eyes "Broad with all languor of the drowsy South." Lampman was unfaithful to his northern muse there.

While the song-sparrows sing "Their clear thin silvery tunes in leafless trees," there is hardly a thought of moving at all. This sensation of slowness is one of Lampman's original achievements. He produces the effect of opiate slowness by lines of leaden monosyllables:

> The cool wind creeps and faint wood odours steal;
>
> The dry dead leaves flit by with their weird tunes;

or by languid words like "sad," "slow," "weary," "pensive," "drowsy," "dreaming," "moan:" "The wet woods moan; the dead leaves break and fall."

The weird narrative of *The Monk* is charged with Keatsian atmospherics and with fragments of realism which indicate the way Lampman is to go. But before he attains the pure objectivity of the sonnets, he has a lot of superfluous adjectives and romantic clap-trap to get rid of: sobbings, poison, and melodramatic *boursoufflure*; and the old romantic hero who *goes* but does not *know*:

> Whither I go I know not, and the light
> Is faint before, and rest is hard to win.

Of this romantic baggage Lampman will keep, even in his most realistic pictures, certain effects of vagueness, "austere" beauty; in his landscapes there is often something "afar off," something "dusky," "gray"; and how often he says *many a* this and *many a* that!

There is a statement about beauty and truth which the world will not let die. If Keats had been writing prose, said Lampman, "he might have added that goodness is another synonym for both truth and beauty. The love of beauty is the love of truth and goodness." That proves how securely Lampman was held by the weighty morality of Arnold. Such foolishness was exposed, Professor Babbitt reminds us,[4] as far back as the time of Helen of Troy, who was beautiful, but "neither good nor true." Lampman added goodness to Keats, as Arnold added virtue and character.

Nothing is gained, in a literary study, by insisting that Lampman believed in goodness, unless that belief is operative in his work; but it is within our purpose to examine how far he believed in Matthew Arnold. He believed with Arnold that a man's efforts should be directed towards perfecting his peculiar gifts; that a poet's business is to see life steadily and see it whole. "The poet attaches himself to no dream. He endeavours to see life simply as it is, and to estimate everything at its true value in relation to the universal and the infinite."[5] I imagine that whenever Lampman speaks of "the human," "the fine breath of life," "the warm human impulses within us," he is mindful of his master. He does this, after a certain date, when he writes in a general way about poets. "It is a noticeable fact that the greatest poets, those few who are eminent above the others for dignity and majesty of

[4] *Rousseau and Romanticism*, p. 357.
[5] Toronto *Globe*, April 2, 1892.

tone, have been men of affairs before they were poets." They actively participated in great national efforts, lived full lives. Had the Greek revolution called Byron earlier in life it might have made him another Milton. Rossetti was not a great poet because he had not "the masterly ability to enter into every variety of life . . . nor that cheerful manliness which is the sign and seal of genial mastership in verse." Arnold made it easy for Lampman to deny Shelley.

In a passage dictated by Arnold's "high seriousness," and in order to acclaim Arnold the greatest poet of his generation, he remarks:

> It is not the brilliancy, the versatility, the fecundity or the ingenuity of a poet that makes him "great;" it is *the plane upon which his imagination moves, the height from which he looks down, the magnitude of his ideas, the largeness of vision.* . . . Arnold is not so triumphantly the poet as Tennyson, nor is he so various or so clever as Browning, but *he looks from a grander height* than either, his imagination has its natural abode in a diviner atmosphere. The whole range of life, time and eternity, the mysteries and beauties of existence and its deepest spiritual problems are continually present to his mind.

A reader comes from Browning and Tennyson to Arnold "and then he seems to have reached the hills. With a mind blown clear as by the free wind of heaven he surveys the extent of life." I leave the reader to his own impressions. The passage shows how far Lampman was carried by Arnold's rhetoric; to the point where he ceased to be aware that, from such a height, his own poetry was insignificant.

How far was it possible for him to see life whole or to see it steadily, from the lofty hill where he would have built his house if fate had been kind?

There was a prospect of town and country.

Ottawa corresponded to Arnold's definition of "provincial." It could not claim to be the centre of anything except legislative authority. Ideas were stagnant there. After ten years of going and coming along its streets, seared by its gyrating and snoring, Lampman felt it to be the "end" of all things, the haunt of Philistines and Mother Earth's prodigal sons; under its walls and towers he was a slave chained to the wheels of "hideous routine." *The City of the End of Things*[6] has often troubled me. Here the poet has been forced off his direct route, into the entanglements of allegory. And I have wondered what could have been the experience of a man who wrote a poem like this, lurid with apocalyptic fires and dreadful fate.

The city and its towers, from his first acquaintance with it in 1883, had been a pretty pictorial accessory in his poems:

> Yon city glimmering in its smoky shroud.
>
> Cupola and pointed tower,
> Darken into solid blue.

But in 1892 the city comes into the foreground:

> Canst thou not rest, O City,
> That liest so wide and fair;
> Shall never an hour bring pity,
> No end be found for care?

Then in 1894 it takes on vast and infernal proportions and becomes a nightmare city builded in the abysses of a northern Tartarus:

> And only fire and night hold sway;
> The beat, the thunder and the hiss

[6] *Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1894.

Cease not, and change not, night nor day.
And moving at unheard commands,
The abysses and vast fires between,
Flit figures that with clanking hands
Obey a hideous routine;
They are not flesh, they are not bone,
They see not with the human eye,
And from their iron lips is blown
A dreadful and monotonous cry.

It had fallen from virtue, for it had once been a city of sunlight and fair voices that mighty men had built in their pride:

But now of that prodigious race,
Three only in an iron tower,
Set like carved idols face to face,
Remain the masters of its power.

But some time, finally the slacking wheels shall stop and the fires moulder out, and even these three powers shall perish. Only one of that accursed state, a gigantic idiot, guardian of the silent desolation, will still sit staring out into the lightless north.

The city is an epitome of a mechanical universe which rolls round without purpose, heart, or mind, grinding out life and death mercilessly and forever. "The iron age" and "the benumbing sound" must have been familiar words to a disciple of Arnold. But Lampman's doom city from which sweetness and light have departed, where the trinity of powers are masters of men who are only ghosts of robots, stolid as idols, hissing through their iron lips as they clank the treadmill, has an even more immediate and personal reference. He had been depressed, no doubt, by the struggle for existence in a city and had read something which had decided him to write the poem. To my mind there is very clear evidence

that *The City of the End of Things* was composed by a poet who had read *The City of Dreadful Night*.[7]

Without enumerating the many similarities of phrase and picture, we may remark a certain development in one of the images: The seated figure of Melancholia in Dürer's engraving, which Thomson had in mind, becomes a sphinx in *The City of Dreadful Night*; in Lampman's poem the sphinx is changed into a grim idiot, "a bulk that never moves a jot." There are great differences, of course, between the two poems, and an enormous difference in importance. Thomson's masterpiece is an elaborated composition throbbing with strange depths of feeling in all its episodes; whereas the city set in the leafless tracts of Tartarus is simply fantastic and mechanical beyond all human credence. "The human," which Lampman looked for in literature and by which he pretended to judge it, is entirely eliminated. He complained that verse in his day was "compelled to contain so much of turgid personal experience." His own experience, therefore, for the nonce, he caricatured. There is one solid and memorable line describing the effect of the venomed air on a mortal who might chance to find the city:

> His soul would shrivel and its shell
> Go rattling like an empty nut.

That is Lampman's addition to the poetry of the City of Dis. What it needs is the vitalizing spirit of intense human emotion. As we have hinted above, he hushed his emotional experiences. He may have been taught a certain reticence in their regard, but the fact may be noted that not only personal but universal human experiences tend to disappear from his poetry, and, in their

[7]It first appeared in 1874 and, like the *Rubaiyat*, created no fuss. In 1892 an American edition was published at Portland, Maine.

stead, we are presented with pieces of landscape, composed after nature and resembling wood-cuts in which the lines are so evenly and delicately traced as to make us forget the labour of execution, under the general impression of smoothness and grace.

Like a voice among dry bones he wails: "We believe neither in God, humanity, nor self." This was his cry: "How utterly destitute of all light and charm are the intellectual conditions of our people and the institutions of our public life! How barren! How barbarous!"

When the religious beliefs that had warmed men's hearts were shaken, when there was no resounding call to great deeds of statecraft or battle, when politics were rotten with boodling and gerrymandering, where could he turn for that "earthly human heartiness" and "neighbourly warmth of touch," that perfection he hankered for? To Chaucer's merry England, to Greece, to poetry? Out of the city into solitude and dreams, out of corruption into art's perfection.

From his own pen we are sufficiently informed of his disposition:

> If you are like me you will spend most of the long quiet winter evenings with your feet disposed upon an opposite chair, a long-stemmed pipe between your teeth and some entertaining book of travels placed comfortably against your knee. . . .
>
> Out on a country road, walking in a quiet and silent downfall of snow, when distances are veiled and hidden and my mind seems wrapped about and softly thrown in upon itself by a smooth and caressing influence, I become immersed in . . . depth and intensity of reflection.

Tobacco, books of travel, and country walks induced a condition of reverie which well-nigh became chronic; the word itself, or its cognates, occurs on most of the

pages of *Among the Millet* (1888) and *Lyrics of Earth* (1895). The condition, however, changes from actual reverie to a mere use of the word. We have the effect of it in *An Athenian Reverie*, a long poem full of the joy of human converse, comradeship, and travel. Nowhere else in Lampman do we meet with such characterization. What are "open" eyes or "liquid" eyes compared with that merry girl's eyes which were "Full of the dancing fire of wanton Corinth"? Who is speaking in these lines?—

> To me is ever present
> The outer world with its untravelled paths,
> The wanderer's dream, the itch to see new things.

Tennyson's Ulysses? A young dreamer tethered to a plot in Ontario, who had never been out of it except in books and dreams, who yearned for freedom and life. "How full life is, how rich!" he wrote. "How dull life is, how poor!" he felt. No. The poise attained through multifarious activities among men in many places was a dream. Greek friends, the happy adventures of Grecian youth—the day-dreams of a sensitive student. This unique poem is a poet's yearning realized as substantial joy. When his course was nearly run, looking back over his real experiences, he wished he had seen more of life in his twenties. To preserve his sanity and buoyancy there was only one thing to cling to: the art of writing.

"The Canadian littérateur," he writes, "must depend solely upon himself and nature. He is almost without the exhilaration of lively and frequent literary intercourse . . . that force and variety of stimulus which counts for so much in the fructification of ideas." *At the Mermaid Inn* was a rather sorry attempt to create a centre for the dissemination of ideas. Lampman, I believe, took it very seriously. He expressed his views on books, on crema-

tion, on the woman question; one or two of the descriptive[8] and critical[9] paragraphs are the best he ever wrote. But that was not what he meant by literary intercourse. Consequently ideas languished and died out. The poet strolled off into the country and found complete serenity only when the city was completely forgotten. Lampman was a *promeneur solitaire* not haunted by hallucinations, it is true, nor yet gifted with the introspective power of Jean-Jacques. The country was his love, his life, his adventure: "Just to see and hear." His definition of life is now,

> To lie at length and watch the swallows pass,
> As blithe and restful as this quiet grass.

> Blue, blue was the heaven above me,
> And the earth green at my feet;
> "O Life! O Life!" I kept saying,
> And the very word seemed sweet.

His supreme art was the illustration of nature, the mighty mother; the glorification of it in finished, beautiful verse; the slow recitation of its wild flowers, as saints' names in a litany.[10]

In his earlier mood, and to a certain distance out of the city, he noticed the country folk at their labours:

> Up the steep slope the horses stamp and strain,
> Urged on by hoarse-tongued drivers—cheeks ablaze.

> A little old brown woman on her knees
> Searches the deep hot grass for strawberries.

He listened to the "golden music" of the hermit thrush

[8]Toronto *Globe*, Feb. 20; Sept. 3; Dec. 24, 1892.
[9]*Ibid.*, Sept. 10, 1892: on Henry James.
[10]*Ibid.*, May 14, 1892.

and the "five pure notes" of the dreary white-throat. He recorded his impressions in nicely chosen words:

> The curly horns of ribbéd icïcles.
>
> warm lucent shadows on the brown
> Leaf-paven pools.

Later, and farther from the city, he stops, and with deliberate purpose he forces his eye to register the characteristic details that compose the scene. He must be careful to keep the precision of the details as he works them up into a perfect, living picture.

Watch him before the canvas of a sonnet pencilled in for a sunset. Mountains to the left, hay-carts on the river beach, the incoming tide and the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence are there under his eye. Now what happens to that canvas is the work of Archibald Lampman:

> Broad shadows fall. On all the mountain side
> The scythe-swept fields are silent. Slowly home
> By the long beach the high-piled hay-carts come,
> Splashing the pale salt shallows. Over wide
> Fawn-coloured wastes of mud the slipping tide,
> Round the dun rocks and wattled fisheries,
> Creeps murmuring in. And now by twos and threes,
> O'er the slow spreading pools with clamorous chide,
> Belated crows from strip to strip take flight.
> Soon will the first star shine; yet ere the night
> Reach onward to the pale-green distances,
> The sun's last shaft beyond the gray sea-floor
> Still dreams upon the Kamouraska shore,
> And the long line of golden villages.

As a contrast to this depersonalized landscape, and impersonal pentameter line, turn to look at it again through the temperament of his friend, D. C. Scott, who

is there with him. Scott gives us an overdose of feeling by making us chant a dirge to the tune of *A Psalm of Life*:

> Far and faintly far to southward
> Like an hamlet dim of dreams,
> White the line of Kamouraska
> In the mirage floats and gleams.[11]

How well Lampman has learned the art of the realist! Under his brush all things have become real, have taken the time (the length of a line or so) to exist, have elongated themselves, as they actually do, in the penumbra; the rhymes too: "fisheries," "distances," "villages." The work has been done for its own sake, for the joy of making alive. Yet "silent," "slowly," "dreams," are a poet's words, not a painter's. The work is not absolutely plastic and impassive; an intangible quietness and repose and warmth linger over the lines and colours. Lampman's poems exhale a delicious native aroma, but there is something more, something rarer in his work, something which attracts us to Lampman as a stylist; for he had the artist's nice discernment, a feeling for adjectives and verbs, an ear that hung upon the euphony of a phrase, and, when he cared to use it, a talent, striking at any time, for dissociating commonplaces: " . . . delicate blossoms of arrowhead that seem *made of snowflakes that may melt as you look at them;*" ". . . a few cloud-like flakes of foliage that seem *to have drifted off from its stem and to lie afloat upon the inaccessible air.*" Such phrases are as flashes of warm sunshine bursting through realistic prose.

Lampman did not always maintain a high level of excellence. Often and often he wrote under the stimulus

[11] *At Murray Bay* in *The Week*, vol. ix, 1891-2.

of earlier poets and critics. Often he affected the "poetic" mannerisms of his own and other days, often the spiritual and temporal cant of his time and environment. But he found his natural powers and cultivated them. He was still young when he died. It is not easy to believe that he would have written greater poetry had he lived longer, but he would, assuredly, with the talents at his command, have given us a greater measure of masterly prose, of which he left us far too little.

Young Canadian poets to-day find no pleasure in Lampman. An art which proceeds directly from a purely sensual apprehension of the exterior world and bears no mystic tokens of having sojourned among the deep-sea fauna of the poet's consciousness cannot stir their minds. Fashions change. The dominant influence in those days was Matthew Arnold's Hellenism; to-day it is T. S. Eliot's asceticism. When Lampman left the city, his purpose was not to carol forth his heart's sorrow and despair among the mosses and lichens of the tundra, but to contemplate "beauty at its source where the water is clear and flows limpidly with a small, pure stream,"[12] unimpeded by the pebbles of erudite allusions. Despite the irony of his life when contrasted with his sentiments, he was Greek in his art. He described nature in "the faithful way" because he saw things as in themselves they really are.

[12]Toronto *Globe*, Nov. 26, 1892.

—REVIEWS—

GERMANY TO-DAY

H. N. FIELDHOUSE

I

OF the seven books* here reviewed, Spengler's alone is not directly concerned with the Nazi Revolution and its consequences in Germany and Europe. True, Spengler's habitual pessimism as to the future of humanity has been somewhat cheered by the apparition of Hitler and his battalions, but the reasons for his approval of Nazism are not entirely orthodox. "No one," he writes, "can have looked forward to the national revolution of this year with greater longing than myself," because "here was something Prussian through and through." Spengler has always insisted that virtue in the human race—he identifies it with "the Prussian standard"—is only "to be reached through the living example and the moral self-discipline of a ruling class," and much of his rage has always been due to his belief that his ideal few are being steadily trampled under by the barbarian crowd. Spengler's strong man is like Mr. Chesterton's Zarathustra

> **Who couldn't take stout,**
> **He made war on the weak and they banged him about.**

The idea of an aristocracy of character and intellect dedicating itself with high austerity to the government of the city in terms of the highest good, is as old as Plato and as recent as Mr. H. G. Wells or Señor Ortega y Gasset. It is an attractive, if a romantic idea, and when Spengler gives the characteristics of his elect, "pride, and quietly borne poverty, silent fulfilment of duty, renunciation for the sake of a task or a conviction, greatness in enduring one's fate, loyalty, honour, responsibility," he is enumerating attractive

**The Hour of Decision*, by Oswald Spengler, Allen and Unwin.
History of National Socialism, by Konrad Heiden, Methuen.
Hitler, Whence and Whither, by Wickham Steed, Nisbit.
Germany Unmasked, by Robert Dell, Martin Hopkinson.
Germany's Third Empire, by Moeller van den Bruck, Allen and Unwin.
Germany Puts the Clock Back, by Edgar Mowrer, John Lane.
Hitler's Official Programme, by Gottfried Feder, Allen and Unwin.

qualities. It is when we come to look for the class in which these qualities are to be found that doubts arise. For it shortly appears that Spengler's criterion of superiority is power. "Man," he declares categorically, "is a beast of prey," and the only logical conclusion is the somewhat Hobbesian one that the strong man is always right until someone else proves stronger. But if might is right, might may, on Spengler's own showing, be vested at times in the inferior many; it may even—horrible thought—be vested in the Poles—or the French. In brief, the suspicion soon arises that might is only right when it is wielded by gentlemen who are fair-haired, blue-eyed, arrogant, and Celto-Germanic; in short, by gentlemen who are Prussian.

Spengler calls himself a realist. He flings at romanticism, at materialism, and at idealism, in the name of a brave scepticism, "full of joy because of the burden of human destiny," and in the name of a sense of "history, tragic, permeated by destiny." But what sort of realism is it, and what sort of history is it which declares man to be simply a beast of prey? The proper answer to those who say that man is a fighting animal, is to ask them to watch man fighting. Man has preyed, but he has also spared and comforted. He has invented machine guns, but he has also invented hospitals. (But perhaps Spengler regards hospitals as a democractic weakness. "Greatness and happiness," he says, "are incompatible. As for those who seek comfort merely, they do not deserve to exist.") Man is sometimes higher than the beasts and sometimes lower, and it is not to zoology that we must look for help in solving those moral problems—of which the question of war and peace is one—which are essentially peculiar to man.

Spengler has little concern with Nazi politics inside Germany. "Better to save our enthusiasm for a day of real and definite results, *i.e.*, of successes in foreign politics, which alone matter." In this realm of foreign politics, however, he believes that we are entering upon a major period of world wars, and it is here that he reaches out a hand to the Nazis. For an era of world wars will require "an abundance of children which historical life can consume without ever exhausting the supply," and if the chief hope of the white race rests on Germany, it is because the German nation is, in Spengler's view, the least exhausted. "Its political past," he writes, "has given it no opportunity to waste its precious blood and

its great abilities. This is the one blessed aspect of our wretched history since 1500: it has used us sparingly." As for the actual nature of the world wars in which German vitality is to be displayed, it would seem that the elect few among the white races are first to fight the barbarian many, and that then all the whites are to fight the coloured peoples. Compared with such brisk forecasts of the future, Spengler's views of the actual policies of other powers are of comparatively little moment, but it will probably surprise many people in London and Ottawa to be told, for example, that it is a cardinal aim of present British policy to disrupt the United States. By the side of such fantasies, Spengler's description of the League of Nations as that "parasitic swarm of holiday-makers on the Lake of Geneva," seems almost realistic.

II

Of the books which deal directly with the history and significance of the Nazi movement, that of K. Heiden is by far the most important. It is particularly useful to have Herr Heiden's detailed study of the earlier phases of Hitlerism, for, although the Nazi party acquired real political weight only with the deepening of the economic crises after 1929, the words and actions of its leaders in the comparative obscurity of the earlier years throw a valuable light upon their present aims. The author not only gives us the most credible portrait of Hitler which has yet been published in English, but he also gives us for the first time an adequate account of all those doubtful characters who have been attracted to the party in all its various phases since 1920. Spengler said shrewdly that every revolutionary movement achieves victory with a vanguard of pretorians who, once the movement has triumphed, become not only useless, but actually dangerous. "The real master is known by the manner in which he dismisses them." When Herr Heiden's book was published, the manner of Hitler's "dismissal" of so many of his old comrades on the thirtieth of June last was yet to become known, but the party situation which has allowed successive Nazi lieutenants to think so lightly of capturing the party for their own interests was already outlined in Herr Heiden's remarks upon Hitler's relations with Gregor Strasser.

> It is necessary [he wrote] to remember that all these Party Leaders and members, comrades and conspirators, were not experienced politicians,

> but private individuals who had been thrown, as it were, accidentally into political life. . . . Hence their hopes and ideals were untutored and exaggerated, and they lack a proper sense of the realities of political situations. This led them to evolve the wildest plans on paper. Throughout 1925, Strasser had won success after success in winning over the masses who were avidly searching for an ideal. He who gains the support of tens of thousands can easily overlook the fact that these are only a small part of the millions. Moreover, Strasser had not as yet known defeat, and therefore thought that the Party could be as easily captured as the masses.

Much that has happened in Germany this year becomes more intelligible in the light of those sentences. Similarly, Herr Heiden's study of the discordant relations between Hitler and Röhm is all the more impressive through having been written before the latter's execution last June. Indeed, Herr Heiden ventures into the realm of prophecy with singular success, as witness his remarkably accurate forecast of the tactics which the Nazis would probably pursue in the event of the death of Hindenburg, and of the probable attitude of the Reichswehr towards an assumption of the presidency by Hitler.

III

Possibly the most significant thing about the books by Mr. Wickham Steed and Mr. Dell is that they should have arrived at the same conclusions from such widely different points of departure. Mr. Steed's close acquaintance with German politics over a period of forty years has always made him keenly alive to the fact that dreams of a revived militaristic hegemony over Europe have never been really dead in Germany. Mr. Dell, on the other hand, was prominent among those English Liberals who somewhat hastily assumed, between 1919 and 1930, that a Germany labelled Republican must necessarily be a Germany repentant, democratic, and pacific. In the present book, he confesses his error with disarming candour, and his view of Hitlerite Germany marches closely with that of Mr. Steed. That view may be briefly summarized by saying that both writers take Nazi Germany at her word. The Nazi leaders claim that it is Germany's mission to save European civilization by Nordifying it, and that this task involves the acquisition by Germany of new territory in Europe in order that she may support an increasing Nordic population. Such new territory, as Mr. Steed reminds us, Hitler himself has said can be won in the first instance only at the expense of Russia and her border states, and that the

leader would not shrink from war in order to secure it is clear from his own words in *Mein Kampf*:

> Either the world will be ruled according to the ideas of our modern democracy, and then every decision will fall in favour of the numerically strongest peoples; or the world will be ruled according to the natural laws of force, in which case the nations will be victorious that have the more savage will-power; nor will it be those who keep within their own boundaries. Ultimately, only the instinct of self-preservation counts. Beside it, so-called humane feelings, which are a blend of stupidity, cowardice, and priggishness, melt away like the snow before the spring sun. Humanity has grown great by perpetual warfare. It will perish in eternal peace.

Once the German sword has carved out the soil for the use of the German plough, Hitler himself has told us what German international practice must be:

> Never allow two continental powers in Europe to arise. Look upon every attempt to organize a second military power on the frontiers of Germany, even though it be only in the form of a State susceptible of military development, as an attack upon Germany, and think it not merely a right but a duty to prevent such a State from arising, or to smash it if it has arisen, by every means, including armed force.

There remains the question whether such a Spenglerian morality has actually become the basis of a practical foreign policy for Germany. Both Mr. Steed and Mr. Dell have no doubt but that it has. They believe that Germany aims, by war or threat of war, or by organizing Nazi movements on the soil of her neighbours, not merely at regaining the frontiers of 1914, but at wide territorial aggression, and it is difficult to resist the accumulated evidence upon which their conclusion is based. In this connection, Mr. Dell prints what he claims are official German instructions for propaganda in North and South America. These documents bear every internal appearance of being genuine, and their interest for Canadians is obvious.

IV

Mr. Mowrer has given us the most readable account of the victory of Nazism which is yet available in English. A friend of the Weimar Republic, he none the less realizes its pitiable weakness as a *régime*. In the first place, no one really wanted the Republic with any ardour. In October, 1918, the German Army was faced with collapse, and the panic-stricken Army chiefs at once insisted

that the civilians in Berlin should make peace in order to save the Army. The civilians had long been in the habit of obeying the generals, and they obeyed them then. The Hohenzollerns were removed and the Republic was duly proclaimed, largely in the hope of saving the Army. In view of President Wilson's claim that the Allies were not fighting against German democracy, but only against Kaiserism, a Republican Germany might yet hope to escape the worst consequence of her defeat, and for that reason the old governing classes accepted the Republic. Obviously, a republic so inaugurated and with so little positive enthusiasm to support it, would have had need of every adventitious aid, if it was to have been consolidated. Instead, it got away to the worst possible start. It had to accept the Treaty of Versailles, and henceforth the new *régime* was inevitably associated in the German mind with military defeat and national humiliation. Mr. Wickham Steed has no difficulty in showing that the "war guilt" clauses of the Treaty have been shamelessly misrepresented by German propaganda, but that does not alter the fact that the identification of the Republic with a dictated peace has been a powerful weapon in Nazi hands. The legend that a war won by German soldiers on the battlefield was lost by Republican traitors at the Peace table, runs like a constant refrain through the book which has been called the Bible of Nazi Germany, Moeller van den Bruck's *Germany's Third Empire*. Moreover, in this Republic which was called into being to save the Army, the Army continued to be virtually a state within a state. For no sooner was the Republic proclaimed than it had to meet a desperate attack by the Communists. To meet that attack the Republican chiefs had to call in the Army, and the Army meant the generals. The limitation of the German forces by the Peace Treaty contributed to the same end. In a conscript army it is difficult to divorce the Army from the people at large, but with the long-service, professional force of one hundred thousand, which was all that Germany was supposed to maintain under the Treaty, the generals were able to select their men on a basis of political sympathy and to maintain them as a body apart from the state. Further, the constitution itself, by making the Army responsible not to the German government or to the German parliament, but solely to the president as its commander-in-chief, or in other words, to Marshal von Hindenburg, himself the embodiment of the old Army tradition,

heightened this anomaly. It took the French Republic a quarter of a century to summon up courage, in the Dreyfus case, to answer the question of whether the Army was the servant of the Republic or whether it was the private instrument of the parties of the Right. The Weimar Republic never had its Dreyfus case, and the internal history of Germany from 1920 to 1930 shows clearly that the allegiance of the German Army was given first to a conception of Germany as the Germany of 1914; secondly, to President von Hindenburg; thirdly, to the old Army tradition; and only lastly and very lukewarmly, to the Republic. It is not too much to say that the Reichswehr ministry has even had its own foreign policy which has not always been that of the official Foreign Office. The curious story of the secret ten years' conspiracy between the Reichswehr generals and the Soviets of Moscow to upset the Treaty of Versailles, at the very time when official German governments were addressing themselves to the "policy of fulfilment," was told by Cecil Melville in his book, *The Russian Face of Germany*, and has never been denied.

From the first, German democracy was lacking in self-confidence. A people with no experience in self-government was dowered with a Republican constitution for which it had no particular desire and which it adopted only as a consequence of military defeat. One vigorous and unscrupulous minority, the Communists, were determined to smash it from the Left. A larger and only temporarily discredited majority, the old Conservative parties, might be expected to try to undermine it from the Right. Yet it was amid these abnormal conditions that the Republicans elaborated a constitution of theoretical perfection, embodying every refinement of proportional representation. The result, as one observer put it, was that elections under the Republic gave a remarkably accurate picture of the German mind. Unfortunately, the German mind is not an apt instrument for government, and the parliamentary history of the years after 1920 amply bears out Bismarck's sneer: "Show me three Germans and I will show you four parties." As Mr. Mowrer points out, the lack of self-confidence in German parliamentarians was shown by their habit of choosing cabinets anywhere save from among their own ranks. Having got themselves elected, they turned like sheep to look for guidance from their traditional shepherds, the former officials. "The head of a Steam-

ship Company, the Mayor of a moderate-sized City, a bureaucrat, with the dust of thirty years' service upon his head, these were the favourite executive choices of the German Democracy."

The second great weakness of the Republic was its spiritual impotence. Whatever may be said of the Prussian ideal, it was at least a code by which men could live. The pre-War Prussian official served the state with high efficiency and for small material reward. He served in return for a rank or a ribbon, for social distinction and prestige. Above all, he was incorruptible. His relationship to the state was idealistic. The Republic abandoned this ideal and put nothing in its place. The Weimar state lost all ethical content and its service became a trade like any other. To the rudderless generation which reached manhood in the years after the War, the Republic had nothing to offer save the most obvious material satisfactions, and there is point in the Nazi claim that the system was only maintained by its identification with certain material interests.

For the Republic has not only, by its own feebleness, provided the Nazis with their opportunity; by its economic policies it has also supplied them with their chief recruiting ground in the German middle classes. It is hard to refute the Nazi claim that the Republic was run by an unholy alliance of the large Capitalists with the Social-Democratic Trade Unions. It was the large industrialists, for example, who persuaded the Republican government to embark upon the policy of resistance to the French in the Ruhr, and then upon a policy of deliberate inflation, partly in order to finance that resistance and partly to cheat the Allies out of reparations. The misery which followed on the collapse of the policy of resistance and the collapse of the mark, did not fall upon the authors of these policies. It fell upon the middle classes. Industrial magnates, such as Stinnes, were compensated by the Republic on a princely scale for the damage to their property in the Ruhr. Similarly, as inflation raised prices, the organized workmen upon whom the Republic chiefly rested, saw to it that paper wages rose also. But for the German middle classes, the professional men, the officials, the small shopkeepers, the peasants, all those who lived on fixed incomes or on savings—for all these, the inflation spelt ruin. That is the single outstanding fact of post-War Germany—the proletarianization of the middle classes. Under other conditions,

these victims of economic misery would have turned to Communism, but for the German middle classes, belief in the class war was impossible. They were impoverished, but they kept their middle-class habits of mind and their Prussian loyalty to the state. They became Nazi; and because for ten years they had been told that every political and economic ill in Germany was due to the foreigner and his dictated Peace, their Nazism became xenophobia. The greatest single factor in the rise of National Socialism was the ruin of the middle classes by Republican policies at a time when all German emotions were artificially canalized into hatred of the foreigner. It is that which has produced what Mr. Steed calls the unique phenomenon of Hitlerism to-day—a militarist reactionary leading millions whose nearest approach to a common idea is an equal hatred of Capitalists and of Marxists.

There remains the peculiar Nazi mentality: the repudiation of the least vestige of everything which Germany has assimilated in the course of centuries from the common heritage of Western civilization, the attempt to return to the morality of the heroes of Wagnerian opera, above all, the transcendental nonsense about the innate superiority of the Germanic race and its historic mission. There is nothing new in this. The German mind has always oscillated between a peculiar receptivity, not to say subservience, to foreign ideas, and a passionate repudiation of all outside influence. It must be remembered that Germany was late in achieving national unity, and even now she is far from being a cohesive people. The German is passionately conscious that there is such a thing as a distinctly German national character, but he also knows that he has never succeeded in expressing that character in political forms. The only unity which Germany has ever had was imposed on her from without by Bismarck, using as his framework the Prussian Monarchy, Army, and Bureaucracy. The War ended the Monarchy and broke the Army. The post-War inflation engulfed those middle-class elements of stability from which the Bureaucracy was chiefly recruited; and there is truth in the Nazi claim that under the Republic the very idea of the common German state was in danger of disappearing. If the German is filling the air to-day with noisy assertions—such as that of Franz Schauwecker that "Germany is the centre of the world and the world cannot exist without Germany: Germany is the Kingdom of God"—it is because at heart he

is uncertain of himself. Because the Germans are the least formed, the least harmonious, the least fundamentally self-assured of all European peoples, they seek reassurance and compensation in their talk of a transcendent historic mission. Because they have never been able to form a united people, they cannot take their patriotism lightly as one among other inevitable loyalties. Because they learned unity only through and in their victorious Army, they cannot even now accept the defeat of that Army. Hence the legend of the Army stabbed in the back in 1918 by Socialists, Jews, and Pacifists. There has always been in the German mind a sort of subjective brooding which manifests itself sometimes as arrogance and sometimes as self-pity, and on the morrow of 1918 it seemed impossible for Germans to admit that a great struggle had been greatly lost. Because they passionately desired unity but had never been able to create it, because they had learned unity only in war and yet had lost the greatest of all their wars, they took refuge in self-deception. The cry "It is the fault of the Jews" was the comfort hugged to the breast of a people which, with all its consciousness of a common national character and a common national achievement, has never known how to order itself in a common national state. This artificial and berserk attempt to convince themselves that they enjoy a cohesion which at bottom they know they do not possess, peeps out from the exordium even of van den Bruck:

> We must have the strength, not to deny and reject, but to recognize and to reconcile all the antitheses which are historically alive amongst us. We must have the strength to be "Welfs" again, full of a consciousness of race, and at the same time "Waiblings" inspired by imperial thought. We must have the strength to be at once Barbarian and Christian, Catholic and Protestant, South and North German, East and West German. We must have the strength to be Prussians, Austrians, Bavarians, Swabians, Franks, Hessians, Saxons, or Frisians—everything for ourselves and for each other—as Germans.

It is as though in 1934 an Englishman should feel it necessary to proclaim that the men of Kent and the men of Surrey must all be English.

V

Gottfried Feder was entrusted with the drafting of the official programme of the National Socialist party, and the opponents of

Hitlerism will probably feel that for them he has answered the prayer, "Oh that my enemy would write a book."

Feder's sketch of the rise of the party is addressed to simple minds, and the monotonous repetition of such entries as, "The Party proceeded to enlighten the Nation amidst severe conflicts. Its opponents replied with torrents of lies," is not noticeably helpful. We may suspect that Herr Feder remembers his Leader's dictum upon propaganda: "The German has not the slightest notion how a people must be misled if we want to have the adherence of the masses."

THE ENGLISH POETIC TRADITION*

MALCOLM W. WALLACE

The ten essays which make up this volume were nearly all delivered as lectures by Professor de Selincourt during his five-year tenure of the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, and they constitute a worthy addition to the critical literature which has been published by his predecessors. A group of separate lectures naturally lacks the impressiveness of achievement of such volumes as the author's variorum *Prelude* or his biography of Dorothy Wordsworth, but they will delight the intelligent student of poetry, and furnish abundant justification, if that were needed, for Professor de Selincourt's appointment to the chair which had been occupied by Arnold and Bradley.

The first essay in the volume, "On Poetry," is the Inaugural Lecture. Here, Professor de Selincourt sketches briefly the general principles underlying his conception of poetry. He tells us what poetry is and what it has been erroneously supposed to be. But while he controverts the doctrines of eminent critics, and is compelled for the sake of brevity to phrase his own convictions in somewhat dogmatic fashion, his writing is pervaded by an air of sweet reasonableness, natural courtesy, and intellectual force, which goes far to conciliate opinion. His theory of poetry is not very original. His debt to Wordsworth, to Shelley, to Arnold, to Bradley, confessed or implied, is very obvious, but if it be an eclectic theory that he elaborates, it is none the less a unified and highly intelligent conception.

**Oxford Lectures on Poetry*, by E. de Selincourt, Clarendon Press.

He deals first with those lovers of poetry who, in reaction against Arnold's insistence on the "criticism-of-life" point of view, insist that the poetic element in poetry lies in its music. Very gently but very firmly he classes this belief among the heresies. Music enchants us by pure sound, but the transport of poetry springs from the effect upon us of sound with a clearly defined intellectual content. It is not true that we can appreciate poetry written in a foreign tongue with which we are not familiar. We can indeed appreciate its music, but nothing is more tedious in poetry than music that has no meaning. Would those lines, he asks, upon the daffodils,

> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty,

affect us even musically if we did not know what a swallow or what a daffodil was? Furthermore, supreme poetic effect is often achieved by lines the musical effect of which is almost nugatory.

Closely related to this heresy is the doctrine of those who hold that "pure" poetry is a mystic magic allied not to music but to prayer. Here Professor de Selincourt joins issue with M. l'abbé Brémond. Much poetry, it is true, has an affinity with mystical experience, but the field of poetry is much wider than that of mysticism. Blake and Wordsworth were both mystics, but Blake could see in Chaucer the great poetical observer of men, and Wordsworth could declare of Suckling's *Ballad on a Wedding* that "for grace and simplicity this stands unrivalled in the whole compass of ancient and modern poetry." Moreover, de Selincourt will draw no hard and fast line between the language of prose and the language of poetry. What some critics regard as magic in the poet's use of words whereby he conveys to us a transcendental feeling, is really only an extension of the natural power inherent in language when a living experience transmuted by imagination seeks voice in terms of beauty. And so he concludes that the essentially poetic quality in a poem is to be found in the perfect rightness of its language to convey a passionately felt experience. Adequate expression comes to the poet only after a long struggle, and his creative act consists in his successfully giving life by means of form to impassioned experience.

There is no recipe for achieving the poet's magical phrasing. It may embody a fine extravagance, but understatement is no less

effective. It may consist in images of rare beauty drawn from history or romance, but they may also be found in the most mundane pursuits. Sometimes the language may be so utterly simple that it is bare of either simile or metaphor. Successful poetic phrasing has nothing to do with cleverness or originality. The coincidence of words and meaning can move us poetically only through our sense of beauty, and where we are moved poetically we are transported beyond that state to which cleverness makes any appeal. The value of poetry, from its lightest ebullition of fancy to its profoundest outcry of the spirit, lies simply in its power to communicate a sense of life in all its infinite variety and significance. The poet's vision awakens us from our torpor and leaves with us a serene sense of fulfilment like unto Dante's:

> quasi tutta cessa
> Mia visione, ed ancora mi distilla
> Nel core il dolce che nacque da essa.

Perhaps the abiding impression which one receives from reading this delightful and stimulating volume is of the author's broad catholicity of taste. He will admit to the canon of poetry nothing but the perfect, achieved after the most meticulous search for rightness, but there are many realms of gold and the true cosmopolitan can take delight in them all. This is not to say that all make an equal appeal, or that Professor de Selincourt does not have his preferences or even prejudices. It can hardly be an accident that the volume contains a study of no author between Shakespeare and Blake, nor of any twentieth-century author with the exception of Dr. Bridges. To many contemporary critics the Professor of Poetry will seem to be *laudator temporis acti*. And, indeed, incidental references throughout the book leave no doubt that he is inclined to shake his head over much of the literature of our own day. He has no sympathy with those who aim to set up a new code of morals. "Chaucer's indecencies, like Shakespeare's, differ from the dreary prurience of many a modern novelist in that they spring from a mind that pays full tribute to the nobler elements in life, and are not the outcome of a spurious philosophy which exaggerates the animal instincts as though they were the whole of man." Shakespeare's disillusioned reading of life in *Troilus and Cressida* "bears a striking likeness to that of some of our ablest writers today." His enthusiasm for Bridges' poetry is based in part on the

traditionalism of his art, on the fact that he turned to the great masters and attempted to work in their manner. "There is nothing revolutionary about him; the noisy and the blustering repel him; beauty to him lies in order and discipline. In life, as in his art, he is the true aristocrat. He knew that moral sanity, though it may not inspire poetry, is yet an indispensable element in it." He refers to the tumult and incoherence of much modern music, and though he admits that much verse of real poetic quality has been written in our century, he finds little of sustained power or wide sweep of thought.

It is not possible in a brief review to do justice to a volume which deals interestingly with many different subjects. Almost every lecture contains fresh stimulating material. *Troilus and Criseyde*, for example, says Professor de Selincourt, "is a page out of the book of modern everyday life, illuminated with an imaginative insight into character only rivalled by Shakespeare and Browning among our poets, and by a few of our greatest novelists." Pandarus is "the first great triumph of English humour, to whom, in all the great gallery of our comic characters, Falstaff alone is comparable for brilliance of conception and execution." "Spenser, with all his exquisite artistic proficiency would not have been 'the poet's poet' had he lacked knowledge of the deepest human emotions, or failed to cast the light of beauty upon the motive forces of our being." Continually he draws on Wordsworth for both theory and illustration, and whether he is studying Spenser or Blake or Keats or Bridges he is able the better to elucidate their qualities by discovering contrasts or similarities in Wordsworth's work. We are also given one more detailed study of Wordsworth, in the essay on his Preface to *The Borderers*, the important text of which now becomes available to students. In brief, the *Oxford Lectures on Poetry* is a substantial addition to the long list of important contributions which Professor de Selincourt has made to English critical literature.

GLORIANA*

EDGAR MCINNIS

The age of Elizabeth has been fortunate in its historians. The restless vigour, the ardent activity, the turbulent emotions of

*_Queen Elizabeth_, by J. E. Neale, Thomas Nelson and Sons.

Renaissance England have spread over it a glamour to which its chroniclers almost uniformly succumb. From Froude to Pollard, a line of distinguished writers has been fired with enthusiasm for the period and drawn it in vivid colours for the delectation of the multitude.

These colours cluster with especial brilliance around the person of Elizabeth herself. Not only did she give the age a name; she set upon it the stamp of her own personality as a sovereign. That personality was the expression of many forces—the spirit of the times, the genius of her ministers, her own will not least. But whatever influences she may have embodied, she was in a peculiar way the focus of England's development and history for nearly half a century. And when one recognizes that, apart from her rôle of sovereign, she was in her own right a robust character whose complexities baffled even her intimates, her fascination as an historical study needs no further explanation.

Professor Neale has felt that fascination to the full. A profound documentary study of his subject has resulted in an equally profound admiration for the virgin queen and a full acceptance of her right to that title. His enthusiasm is reflected in his style. It is in the best sense a popular biography—a study written with a thorough knowledge of the subject, yet thoroughly readable and free from either ponderousness or pedantry. But it is also a study in which a romantic attraction has led to an idealization of the central figure; and while it thoroughly merits both the popular and the academic audience which it is sure to win, it may not prove to be quite the final and definitive biography which some critics have suggested.

Chief among its merits is its vividness of presentation. The author has wisely chosen to sketch his narrative in broad strokes which, though they sacrifice the closeness of detail that builds up a finished picture, give a real feeling of the situations to be met and the conflicts to be borne and the varied forces which manifested themselves during the reign. The picture of the young Elizabeth during the trying and dangerous period of Mary's reign is vividly alive, and gives a full sense of the tension in which the daughter of Anne Boleyn moved continually, with her head as the penalty for the first false step. The art of mingled wheedling and evasion which Elizabeth mastered in those days was to serve her well, if

shamelessly, in after years. Similarly, the turbulence of religious and national passions in both England and Scotland at the outset of the reign is sketched in masterly fashion. And throughout the whole period there is the sense of a continual struggle between different groups of Elizabeth's advisers, and between these counsellors and the queen herself, which throws a clear light on the hesitations and inconsistencies of policy during the reign.

No less valuable are the shrewd judgments by which the author sets in perspective a number of the essential forces of the period. The financial problem was a continual pre-occupation, which he stresses to the full; and while it may not always have been so paramount and determining a factor as he suggests, it was undoubtedly a major consideration. Equally acute is his stress on the significance of Elizabeth's sex. As a female ruler of England she had the discouraging precedents of Matilda and Mary, and the difficult problem of marriage whose dangers had been shown all too clearly during the previous reign. Yet marriage seemed inevitable, and observers such as Feria felt that marriage with equal inevitability would make the queen's husband the real ruler of England. The stridency with which the Commons urged the queen to marry was only equalled by the bitterness with which they opposed most of the prospective candidates. Professor Neale has good reason for thinking that the dilemma forced Elizabeth into virginity against her will.

It is no small tribute to Elizabeth that she so triumphantly overcame this initial disadvantage. But it is possible that she would never have had the chance if there had been a strong male contender for the throne. It was her great fortune that her only serious rival was Mary Queen of Scots; and Mary's accession meant subjection to France after the recent humiliating subjection to Spain. The whole cause of English nationalism—young, enthusiastic, aggressive—was bound up in the person of Elizabeth. It was her triumph that in spite of temporizing and evasions in her policy she remained to the end the embodiment of that cause. "Be ye well assured," she told the people during her coronation ceremonies, "that I will stand your good Queen." In foreign affairs at least, her subjects undoubtedly felt that she kept her word.

Yet even in this field her success was not without ambiguity; and in other matters there is more to be said than is said in this volume. Professor Neale stresses the queen's genius for touching

popular sentiment and rallying it to her side—though on occasion she could oppose that same sentiment when it suited her purpose. And he illuminates with deft touches something of the boisterous temper of the age, with its forthrightness of passion and its easy discarding of scruples. But there are lights and shadows—especially shadows—which are lacking in the picture, and without which it cannot be complete.

It would be unfair, of course, to demand too much. This is a biography of Elizabeth rather than a history of her times. The trouble is that the two are not easily separated. It is easier as well as more tempting to show Elizabeth as a master-diplomatist making England bestride the world like a colossus, than it is to trace the effect of her policy in the domestic sphere. Yet some effort to evaluate the latter is necessary for a complete and balanced judgment.

Nor is it sufficient to say that the work in this field lay with her advisers rather than with Elizabeth herself. The important question of Elizabeth's relation with her ministers and her council is one which deserves a fuller treatment than Professor Neale has given it. He describes occasions on which the queen herself determined matters of policy in opposition to her advisers, and others on which their pressure eventually prevailed upon her; but he avoids any effort at a general estimate of responsibility. He is silent on the whole Elizabethan system of state regulation, and even on religious policy his account is rather too summary. And although he gives us more than one glimpse of Elizabeth's dealings with her parliament, it is by no means certain that he brings out the full significance of the opposition which gathered steadily during the last years of the reign.

This is partly because his interest is attracted to persons rather than to forces. Sometimes these persons represent forces; at other times, however, the personal is allowed to take a place of undue prominence. And while the personal portraits of Burghley and Walsingham and Robert Cecil are excellent in their way, the precise rôle of these men in the forging of policy and their part in rearing the structure of the Elizabethan state are left somewhat obscure.

Yet the effect of the policy of these men, and of the influence of Elizabeth herself, has a very definite relation to the stability and the expansion of the England of their day. Professor Neale speaks

tolerantly of "envy and folly, the humors of that youthful age." There were other humours even less admirable. The romance of the sea-dogs sometimes blinds us to the sordidness and callousness which lay behind many of their adventures. The brilliance of Shakespeare's England overlays a grasping ruthlessness which made individualism really rugged. Professor Neale cites the case of gentlemen who made a fortune by having their tenants killed off in oversea expeditions and collecting the fines from their successors to the land, and who were all for bigger and more lucrative wars. The example is fairly typical of the age.

On this spirit, as well as on the finer aspects of the age, the policy of the reign had a profound effect. But it is quite possible to argue that the queen herself obstructed more often than she encouraged the more striking manifestations of the Elizabethan spirit. What Professor Neale presents as the wisdom of far-sighted moderation might equally well be the wavering of constitutional indecision. Elizabeth was not always as wise as she is here painted, nor her policies always so completely justified in retrospect. Neither the Leicester nor the Essex episodes are striking examples of sound judgment—indeed, the queen was lucky to come through them without disaster resulting from her own folly. Hers was a great age, and she shared its greatness. But there is more than one side to the picture; and a more tempered enthusiasm than Professor Neale's might come nearer the truth. He has written an admirable book which is to be valued for its wealth of knowledge and its clarity and vigour of style. But though the portrait he draws is an attractive one, it is not yet the real Elizabeth. Too many of the warts are painted out.